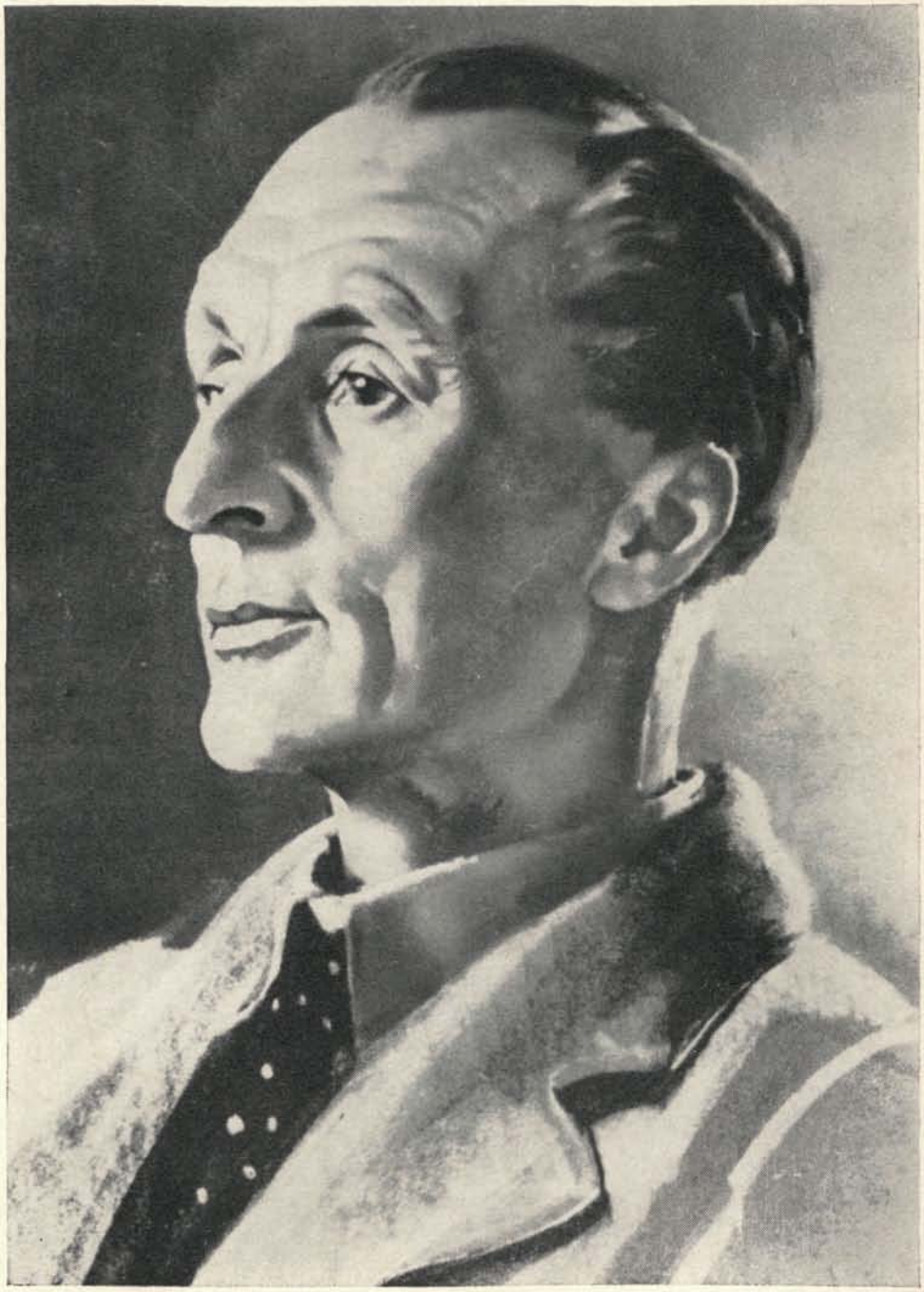
Saturday Review

JANUARY 24, 1959 / 25¢



Joyce Cary, whose last novel "The Captive and the Free," is reviewed by Granville Hicks

(SEE LITERARY HORIZONS)

WHO DECIDES WHAT'S FIT TO PRINT? By T. S. Matthews

Hodding Carter's "The Angry Scar," Reviewe

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Editor at Large

An "angry" scar is one that is inflamed and sore, beneath which may lie an old wound not completely healed.

"The Angry Scar" is an appropriate title for Hodding Carter's new book on the Reconstruction Period in the South after the Civil War. Today's headlines give ample evidence that the angry scar left by Reconstruction on the nation's body politic is still far from healed.

To understand what lies behind these headlines, the best place to turn is not necessarily our own news analysts and commentators, or voluble partisans on either side. A better understanding of what confronts us today may frequently be gained by studying the past.

"The Angry Scar," newest in the Mainstream of America series, takes us back to that past. Hodding Carter, himself a Southerner, has written a book that is basic to an understanding of the current integration crisis. It shows how Northern abolitionists helped bring about the present situation, just as much as did the Southern immoderates.

Education, of course, is only a small part of Carter's book, which deals also with politics, religion and economics, and, above all, with the personal stories of the individuals involved in this painful chapter of American history.

Like other books in the Mainstream Series, it is history at its best: history to be read, not memorized; history of people and ideas, not dates and statistics.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Angry Scar" ($5.95), by Hodding Carter, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of C. Vann Woodward's "Reunion and Reaction" (95¢), an Anchor paperbound book about what happened after Reconstruction. Both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal Street in New Orleans, Louisiana.

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HAS IRELAND BEEN LED FALSE BY A BAKED BRAZILIAN BERRY?

[NUMBER 1]

We'll not pretend that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] weren't the pleased ones when Irish Coffee became the darling of the Western World. We still are. There are few things more enjoyable than standing on the quay seeing the great ships off to America with golden cargoes of matchless Irish Whiskey. And yet, have we sold our birthright for a mess of coffee pottage? And money? It may well be. For while Irish Coffee is admittedly a luscious drink the fact remains that the Whiskey is somewhat *obscured* by the coffee, frothy cream, and the sugar cube. ¶ Do you begin to see the shape of this bittersweet quandary? There's much, much to be said. You will fathom how much when you recall that Joyce's *Ulysses* took over three-hundred-thousand words to deal with just twenty-four hours in a tiny corner of Dublin and not one of the very best tiny corners of Dublin at that. ¶ Our subject covers several years and a hundred and twenty degrees of longitude. So it's not likely this one page will do it justice. Still, advertising costs the earth and when we reach the bottom we'll just have to stop wherever we are and continue over to next week. ¶ Back to Irish Coffee and its popularity. The upshot is that thousands upon thousands of Americans have taken the Irish Whiskey without ever having fully known the goodness of it. [Its emphatic, burnished flavor must (fortunately) be tasted to be appreciated]. Otherwise they'd be drinking it all the time; in other ways less darksome and exotic, to be sure, but equally satisfying. There's no need to tell *you* what these other ways of drinking fine whiskey are. It'd be like teaching your grandmother to

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TRADE Winds

MATERIAL PROGRESS moves on.

With the announcement that Mike Todd, Jr.'s new project will add smell to the old-hat sight and sound of a motion picture, a whole new epoch is reached.

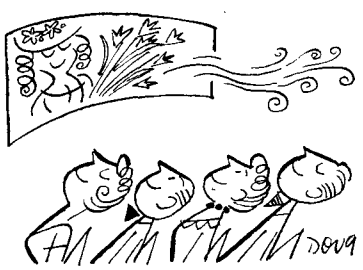
Known as the first "smellie," the wide-screen picture will permit the audience to join in enjoying the fragrance of a flower garden, the pungent odor of spices, the dangerous scent of a sinful perfume, and the crispy aroma of frying bacon.

If the trend keeps up, what with wide-screen, three-dimensional full-color images, stereophonic sound—and now smell—we are just likely to find Hollywood moving next to "feelies," long a wistful dream of the Romantic who would like to hold hands with his screen idol. After that, we'll probably have wide-screen, Techni-Spiritualism. The screen, now merely a semicircular wall around the audience, inevitably will become a circular fence to trap the audience, then a globe, and thence into the time-space continuum. And then, no doubt, Hollywood will put us all into orbit.

THE HONOR OF WRITING the first "smellie" has fallen on the shoulders of Bill Roos, for whom this column has often served as a willing Boswell. (Writing with his wife Audrey, under the name of Kelly Roos, he recently has completed the new mystery "Requiem for a Blonde," published by Dodd, Mead.)

Roos sloughs off the obvious remarks about what the critics may say when faced with such an obvious word as "smellie."

"The critics can make all the puns they want," says Roos. "We're scared



to death that on opening night the competition will come to the theatre armed with Air-Wick!"

FOR A GOOD MANY years, we have driven north of Hartford, Connecticut, wondering how in the world the tobacco farmers ever get around to covering acres of land with a canopy of cloth so wide that it looks like a swelling sea.

Thanks to Mildred Savage's new novel "Parrish" (Simon & Schuster),

we've been able to get a glimpse of just what goes on under those canopies.

"I got so absorbed in researching the subject," Mrs. Savage told us in a recent interview, "that I forgot to smoke."

Mrs. Savage is a housewife who concentrated first on getting her children into ripe adolescence before she ever thought of putting a hand to a typewriter. She did exhaustive research in the Connecticut tobacco fields for many months before sitting down to shape her first novel.

"When children get beyond the stage that they need your help, there is nothing worse than facing inactivity," the attractive and energetic Mrs. Savage told us. "Writing a novel is not only fun, it's therapeutic!"

FROM THE OTHER SIDE of the fence, an equally charming distaff author who writes under the name of Sue Kaufman told us:

"You'll never get bored when you're carrying your first child if you write a novel at the same time."

To prove it, she did. Due to arrive in February, "The Happy Summer" (Scribners) is her first novel. She finished the first draft just a moment or two before she was whisked away to the maternity ward.

THIS WHOLE BUSINESS of babies is given a penetrating treatment by young Herbert Appleman in his recent Henry Holt publication, "When Two Become Three." It's an intimate memoir about the difference a child makes in the values, plans and hopes of a young married couple. Appleman's experience with the ultra-young set reminds us of an Emersonian anecdote.

He has written that children are obviously better teachers than parents. Two weeks after a child is born, the parents are saying, "Moo, moo. Goo goo. Ga, ga."

But you don't hear a word out of the children.

DENMARK'S MOST RENOWNED author Baroness Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen to her readers) is making her first visit to this country. Sitting in a Random House office, she was a living testimony to the fact that youthfulness has nothing whatever to do with age.

Erect, vibrant, and lucid, she is starting on a new 2,000-page novel at an age when most of us would be content with a Florida deck chair.

"Many young writers come to talk to me in Denmark," she said, "and they claim that I'm both young and at the same time three thousand years old. I have never pressed them to explain this. But I am enchanted with the past and its treasures, even though I've never felt I belonged to any particular generation."

When asked how she adapted herself to her first plane trip across the ocean, she said:

"Thirty thousand feet is nothing to one who is three thousand years old."

WHATEVER AGE WE are, we still face the fact that television is the most powerful tool of modern communication. It is refreshing to note, therefore, that CBS-TV is bringing out a prime-time show that goes straight to the basis of Socrates, when he said: "The life

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 814

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 814 will be found in the next issue.

FLY NYAF BLC BGMYH DW

GAK PRAKH LROHYQP G

HDZZYHH LGHA'F TYYA

GHQYYW.

—BRQHCA ORJAYX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 813

Customs may not be as wise as laws, but they are always more popular.

—DISRAELI.

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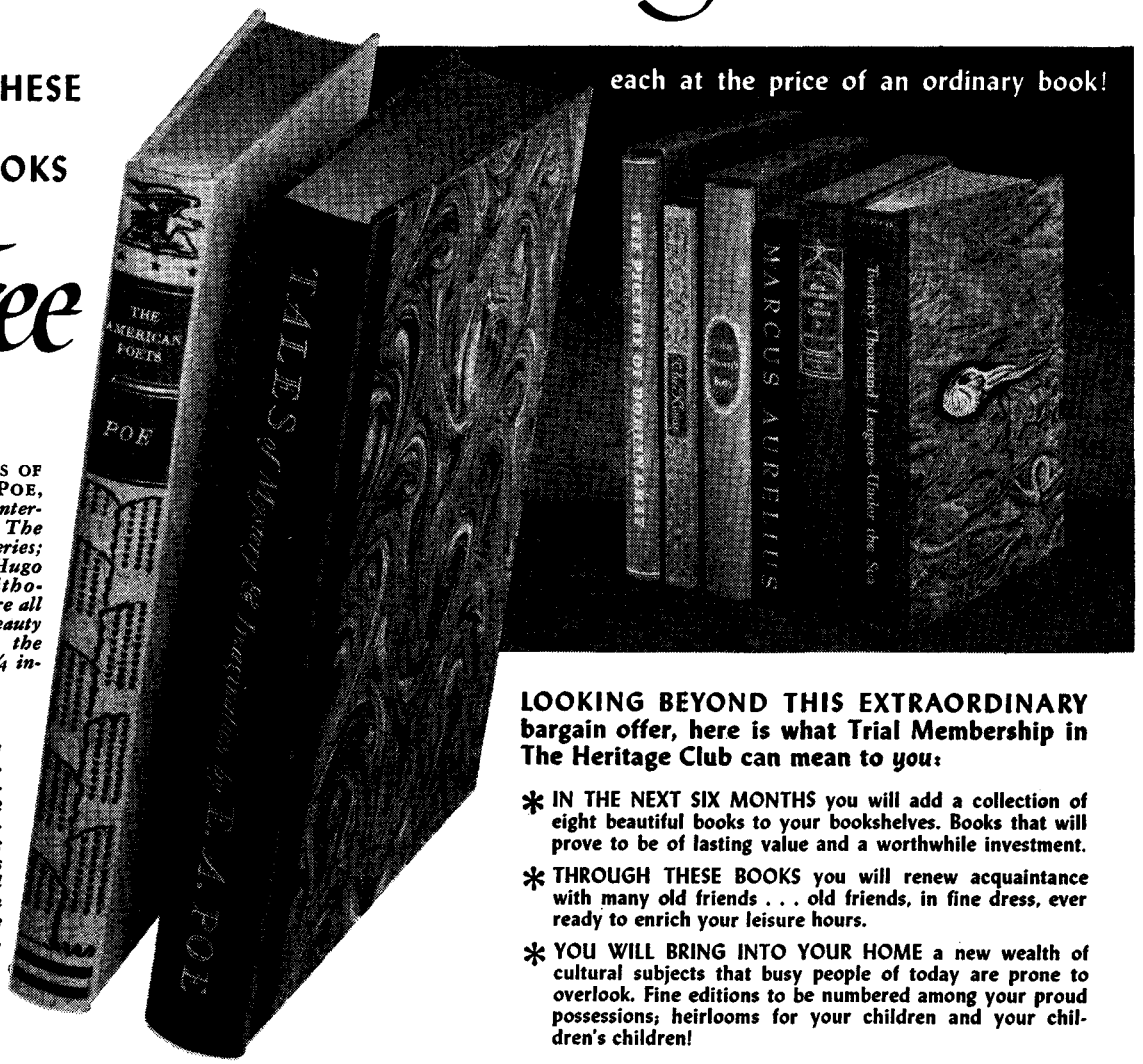

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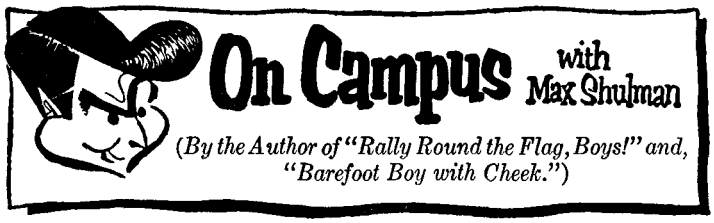

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

It happens every day. A young man goes off to college leaving his home-town sweetheart with vows of eternal love, and then he finds that he has outgrown her. What, in such cases, is the honorable thing to do?

Well sir, you can do what Rock Sigafoos did.

When Rock left Cut and Shoot, Pa., he said to his sweetheart, a simple country lass named Tess d'Urbervilles, "My dear, though I am far away in college, I will love you always. I will never look at another girl. If I do, may my eyeballs parch and wither, may my viscera writhe like adders, may the moths get my new tweed jacket!"

Then he clutched Tess to his bosom and planted a final kiss upon her fragrant young skull and went away, meaning with all his heart to be faithful.

But on the very first day of college he met a coed named Fata Morgana, a girl of such sophistication, such poise, such *savoir faire* as Rock had never beheld. She spoke knowingly of Franz Kafka, she hummed Mozart, she smoked Marlboros, the cigarette with *better "makin's"*. Now, Rock didn't know Franz Kafka from Pinocchio, or Mozart from James K. Polk, but Marlboros he knew full well. He knew that anyone who smoked Marlboros was modern and advanced and as studded with brains as a ham with cloves. Good sense tells you that you can't beat Marlboro's new improved filter, and you never could beat Marlboro's fine flavor. This Rock knew.

So all day he followed Fata around campus and listened to her talk about Franz Kafka, and then in the evening he went back to the dormitory and found this letter from his home-town sweetheart Tess:

Dear Rock,

Us kids had a keen time yesterday. We went down to the pond and caught some frogs. I caught the most of anybody. Then we hitched rides on trucks and did lots of nutsy stuff like that. Well, I must close now because I got to whitewash the fence.

Your friend,

Tess

P.S. . . . I can do my Hula Hoop 3,000 times.

Well sir, Rock thought about Tess and then he thought about Fata and then a great sadness fell upon him. Suddenly he knew he had outgrown young, innocent Tess, his heart now belonged to smart, sophisticated Fata.

Rock, being above all things honorable, returned forthwith to his home town and walked up to Tess and looked her in the eye and said manfully, "I do not love you any more. I love a girl named Fata Morgana. You can hit me in the stomach with all your might if you like."

"That's okay, hey," said Tess amiably. "I don't love you neither. I found a new boy."

"What is his name?" asked Rock.

"Franz Kafka," said Tess.

"A splendid fellow," said Rock and shook Tess's hand and they have remained good friends to this day. In fact, Rock and Fata often double-date with Franz and Tess and have heaps of fun. Franz can do the Hula Hoop 6,000 times.

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* * *

All's well that ends well—including Philip Morris. Philip Morris ends well and begins well and is made of superb natural tobaccos by the same people who make Marlboros.

which is unexamined is not worth living."

Producer Fred Freed, an alert and informed CBS staffer, tells us that the moderator of the program, Dr. Charles Frankel, professor of philosophy at Columbia, agreed to go on network television by saying: "I'll go on television on one condition. And that is that you don't try to change me. I'm a teacher, and that's the only thing I can be."

Irving Gitlin, head of CBS public affairs, agreed. The show has just been launched, and with a group of about forty ordinary people, Dr. Frankel will go directly to Socrates for his methods.

"We're pretty much excited about it around here," Freed said. "The program will not tell you what to think, but *how* to think. Our first subject asks if censorship of the arts is ever justified—and if you don't think there will be some stimulating fireworks on this one, we do.

"Dr. Frankel made a big hit on the show 'The Great Challenge,' simply by being himself. We're out to prove that television doesn't need to hypo things up to be interesting—and that people of every age are not afraid to think. *We* think it will work!"

MICHAEL GROSS, of Gramercy Park, Manhattan, writes to tell us of a recent shattering experience he shared with his youngster.

Each week the child would bring home from Sunday School an illustrated card that dramatized each of the Ten Commandments. The first week showed people worshiping at church. Another week, to illustrate "Thou shalt not steal," the picture showed a boy stealing an apple from a cart.

"I waited with considerable alarm for the seventh week," writes Mr. Gross. "But fortunately, tact and delicacy prevailed. Under the caption 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' was a picture of a dairyman, leering villainously as he poured a huge pail of water into a can of milk!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1295)

MARYA MANNES:

MORE IN ANGER

By the time a woman is fifty, she is either wanted as a woman of fifty or not really wanted at all. She does not have to fool her husband or her lover, and she knows that competition with women far younger than she is not only degrading but futile.

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Saturday Review

JANUARY 24, 1959

—*Culver.*

News photographers and reporters form 1947 reception committee at train station for President Truman, who addressed an Associated Press luncheon in New York . . . "The press is generally appreciated by the public for what it is rather than for what it pretends to be."

WHO DECIDES WHAT'S FIT TO PRINT?

By T. S. MATTHEWS

Mr. Matthews, who now lives in London, was born in the United States and educated here and in England. He joined the staff of the New Republic *in 1925 and then moved to* Time *magazine in 1929, where he was managing editor and editor from 1943 to 1953. The* Saturday Review *is pleased to publish the following article, which has been adapted from his recently issued book, "The Sugar Pill" (Simon & Schuster,* © *by T. S. Matthews).*

THE main business of the press, supposedly, is news, as the main business of banks is money. It may surprise the public to discover how incurious many bankers are about the real nature of money, and how unclear they are about it. In just the same way, and perhaps to a greater extent, many journalists are incurious about the real nature of news and just as unclear about it. This particular question has been begged for so long that it now seems either self-evident or insoluble. Ask a journalist "What is news?" and you'll get one of a number of answers, ranging from "It's what interests *me*" (meaning "the paper I work on") to "How should I know?" (meaning "I just work here").

Perhaps the neatest as well as the most generally accepted definition of news is "what happened yesterday." I remember once totting up the front-page news stories (the news of the day considered most important) in a good provincial newspaper, in America. Of the eleven stories on the page, seven had not happened at all—in the sense of man biting dog, or even of dog biting man. Some of the speculations about the future—and there were many—might have come true, but so far they were just speculations. If news is what happened yesterday, the newspapers print an awful lot of phony news. But we have seen how the practical definition of news varies from paper to paper. Journalists never have been very keen on defining news theoretically, except in a parlor-game spirit. Someone whose faith in the news was simple, like C. P. Scott, the famed editor of *The Manchester Guardian*, took news for granted: news was the sacred facts. An equally inexact but more inclusive description might be, "News is what the press produces." It isn't only physics that's getting more complicated; we now know that facts, like the atom, can be split.

I mustn't push the analogy with banks too far, but there is one striking similarity between banks and the press: Both, to a great extent, manufacture their product, though they are not popularly supposed to. By far the greatest part of the world's "money" is issued by banks in the form of credit. Most of the world's "news" is manufactured by the press itself: interviews with important men; reports on grave situations; press conferences; press investigations; political surveys; "informed speculation," etc., etc.

MOST "hard news" falls into the press's lap like the meteorites or manna from heaven: murder and suicide, rape, war, pestilence, famine, catastrophes of all kinds. This bad news is the best news to the press—it's not only exciting to read but it comes ready-made. Mongers of sensational news, like *The London Daily*

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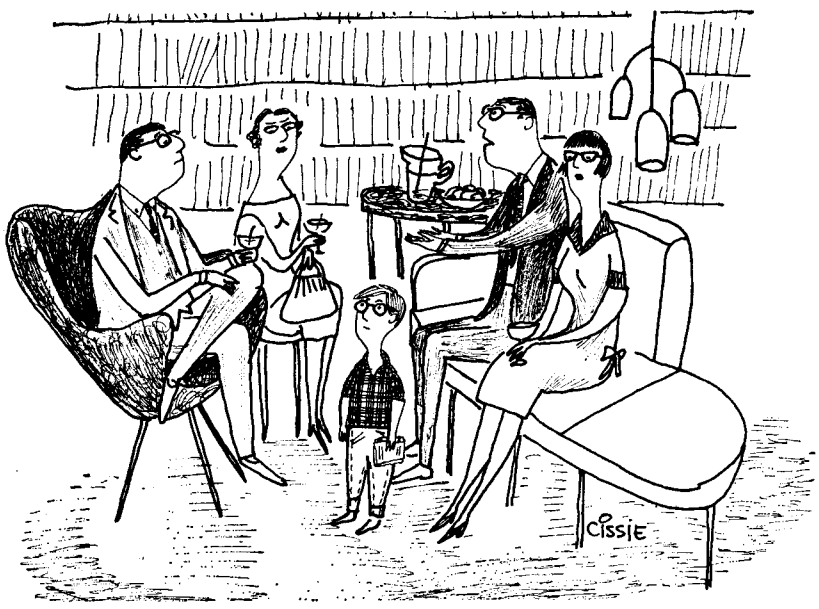

"'Well, he's the kind of a child who thinks the James boys were William and Henry . . ."

Mirror, admitting that the supply of this sort of news is unsteady, meet the daily demand for sensation in two ways: by dressing up small news to look big, and by ballyhooing daily features. There is no essential difference between the inevitable screaming front-page headline of the *Mirror* and the "running story" from a wire service of a diplomatic conference. Both are manufactured news. They are said to have happened big; actually, they either didn't happen at all, or they only happened a little.

Some of the more exacting followers of C. P. Scott still insist that their paper deals in sacredly regarded facts. That is probably true in spots, although they conveniently overlook the other spots in the paper that are profanely opinionated rather than sacredly factual. A large part of the press has, in effect, abandoned the pretense of dealing exclusively with facts, or the pretense that their source is invariably as pure as the Pierian spring. A great many newspapers, for example, make no bones about printing gossip. They still, officially at least, exclude rumor (except from the gossip columns, or unless it can be attributed to a "hitherto unimpeachable source," when it rises from "rumor" to "speculation" or "inside information").

The only journalists who are consistently successful in keeping rumor and gossip out of the news are the Communists. The Communist press, an avowed instrument of government, is dedicated to the proposition that facts equal propaganda equals truth. The facts are chosen, the propaganda ordered, and the truth announced. It's much simpler than with us. And the Russians have a great contempt for the confusions of the Western press, which all stem from this inadmissible *search* for news. "News" in Russia is issued as a valuable, State-controlled ration.

When Ilya Ehrenburg, one of the dark stars of Communist journalism, visited the United States a few years ago, he was much bothered by reporters who pried into what he considered irrelevant personal questions —the one that moved him to most sardonic mirth was whether a suit he was having made at a New York tailor was to have trousers with buttons or a zipper. There, he said triumphantly, you have a picture of the Western press, which concerns itself with gossip: buttons or zipper, that is all they care to know about. In the doctrinaire Communist view, our free press makes too little distinction between public news (which is the press's only business) and private news (which is none of its business). Moreover, say the Communists, nobody but they know what news is fit to publish, or what news really is.

One defense to this is apt to be: "The truth shall make you free"—by which we mean that if everybody talks continuously at the top of his lungs, somebody from time to time will probably say something true, somebody else may hear it, and it may have some good effect, by and large. Nevertheless, we have an uneasy suspicion that there should be some distinction between public and private news, and that the press doesn't make the distinction clear—no doubt because of the general confusion about what news really is. Public or private, the news must affect our individual lives, it must be translatable into our personal terms, before we will pay attention to it. Even the news in Russian papers can be so translated, I should imagine. Everything *Pravda* or *Izvestia* publishes means some action or threat of action by the Government; the trick is to see: "How is that going to affect *me*?" We read the newspapers that way in time of war, when all governments are grey. In peacetime, public news for most of us is just something to quack about, and it rolls off our backs; the news that really concerns us comes by word of mouth or by mail. The opening door, the doctor's verdict, the expected letter, the telegram that says "death" or "life"; this is the kind of news that comes home to us. Perhaps it is the only real news there is.

Nevertheless, we feel that there should be bigger news than this, and the press continually assures us that indeed there is. The press keeps on telling it, in big headlines; big good news and big bad news. The big good news is mainly manufactured, not so much because the press is sanguine by nature as that it is committed to the encouraging notion of progress. The big bad news is what has actually happened. When our candidate is elected or the war ends, we may call the news both big and good; but what will it be called by the people who voted for the other man, or who lost the war? No, really good news, in the public sense, is either incredible or beyond our understanding. And yet we crave it, its absence seems wrong, we want it to be. The press, which is as human as the rest of us, shares this craving and gropes for big good news—however incredible or beyond our understanding. When *The New York Times* printed the text of Einstein's theory, it was in this mystical and groping spirit. The hope was that Einstein has found a large piece of truth—even if nobody, or almost nobody could understand it; and in that hope the *Time's* editor was willing to bow his uncomprehending head, and take the whole congregation of the *Times* to their knees with him.

In less than two generations science has become untranslatable, and its speculations about the world come to us more and more faintly, like the dwindling shouts of a search-party that have disappeared into an enormous maze. The news they succeed in sending back to us (with the press as messenger) often seems contradictory of earlier bulletins; the gist of it comes across as a progressive disillusionment with accepted facts and an immense widening and deepening of the unknowable. But this is depressing and therefore unacceptable to our optimistic habit of mind—as if, with all our advantages, we were just catching up with Soc-

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rates, and as it were from behind! So the press continues to hail scientific "discoveries" (the substitution of a new theory for an abandoned one) as if they were real news, big news and good news. And the public, official view of science's search for knowledge is one of untiring hope and faith. In private, however, there is scepticism and doubt, and not just among illiterate peasants either.

THE only big news, private and public, that human beings are really concerned about is news of life and death. There has been no new news on either subject for some time—nearly 2,000 years, in fact. The Resurrection was tremendous good news, if true; the best news ever reported. But though it has been told wherever Christian missionaries have gone and a large proportion of the earth's population must have heard it, it is still widely disbelieved or believed only in a poetic or mystical sense, as "an honorable thought" or an incomprehensible symbol. Even those Christians who believe that the Resurrection was an event that actually happened and a demonstration that individual human beings are literally immortal would nowadays hesitate to apply it without qualification to their own personal lives and deaths. As for agnostics and unbelievers, they have accepted and spread the persistent rumor that the news of the Resurrection was exaggerated or false.

The press is only a reflection of the world it reports, and like the world it's quite unable to recognize or accept really good news—a saint for the ages, a hero both immediate and lasting, a revelation of permanent truth; it can only exaggerate or minimize ignore, misreport, or doubt, just like the rest of us. Big bad news it can't miss; big good news it never sees—though it pretends a lot of little good news is big, and manufactures all the big good news it can. What keeps the press going is mainly snippets: some news, much gossip, loads of rumors—not to speak of all the features, extras, special acts and entertaining etceteras.

The biggest piece of clap-trap about the press is that it deals almost exclusively, or even mainly, with news.

And the next-biggest piece of clap-trap is that the press has enormous power. This delusion is persistent and widespread. It is taken for granted by the public-at-large, who are apt to be impressed by anything that is said three times; it is continually advertised by the press itself, and it is cherished by press lords, some of whom, at least, should know better. The Hutchins Commission of the Freedom of the Press, which represented a more-than-usually-intelligent public-at-large in the United States, not only took the power of the press at the press's own valuation, but thought it very alarming:

> We have the impression that the American people do not realize what has happened to them. They are not aware that the communications revolution has occurred. They do not appreciate the tremendous power which the new instruments and the new organization of the press place in the hands of a few men.

In what way is the press supposed to be so powerful? The general notion is that the press can form, control or at least strongly influence public opinion. Can it really do any of these things? Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of *The London Daily Mirror*, and a man who should know something about the effect of newspapers on public opinion, doesn't share this general notion about their power. He thinks newspapers can echo and stimulate a wave of popular feeling, but that's all. "A newspaper may successfully accelerate but never reverse the popular attitude that commonsense has commended to the public." In short, it can jump aboard the bandwagon, once the bandwagon's under way, and exhort others to jump aboard too; but it can't start the bandwagon rolling, or change its direction after it's started.

Like other habit-forming pills, the press can stimulate or depress, but it cannot cure. It can fan fear and hatred of another nation (when the fear and hatred are there, waiting to be fanned) but it cannot make peace. As more and more people have painful reason to know, the press has a nasty kind of power—the same kind of power a bully has, of hurting somebody smaller and weaker than himself. An individual's only defence against the press is the law of libel, but considerable harm and much pain can be caused without going as far as to commit an actionable libel. Journalists themselves generally have a horror of being interviewed, "written up" or even noticed by the press—they know too well from their own experience how inept and cruel a distortion the result is likely to be. Nine times out of ten, as they know, ineptness is to blame rather than conscious cruelty; but there is always that tenth case. And a blundering friendly hand can be as heavy as an unfriendly fist. The press is often like a clumsy giant who gives you a pat on the back and knocks the wind out of you, if he doesn't cause internal injuries. I remember once coming upon an elderly professor of my university who had just been "written up" by the paper I worked on. When he saw me, tears came into his eyes, and he said, "What have I done to them? What have I done to deserve this?" He was deeply wounded by the article, and regarded it as an extremely unkind caricature. Knowing that it had been written by one of his former students who liked and admired the professor, I tried to reassure him that it was at least kindly meant; I don't think I succeeded.

The press has a negative power—to titillate, alarm, enrage, amuse, humiliate, annoy, even to drive a person out of his community or his job. But of the positive power to which it

(*Continued on page* 40)

—*Culver.*

Churchill, Truman, and Stalin being photographed prior to Big Three Meeting, Potsdam, July 17, 1945 . . . "the press is only a reflection of the world it reports."

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A Poem Talks to Itself

One Thing Calls Another Into Being

By JOHN CIARDI

So spake the enemy of mankind, enclosed
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve
Addressed his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear
Circular base of rising folds, that towered
Fold above fold a surging maze; his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Against his circling spires that on the grass
Floated redundant.

JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*

JOHN MILTON had a peculiar problem in the foregoing passage in which he described the serpent's approach to Eve. Milton's theology demanded the belief that the serpent was condemned to crawl on its belly for its crime in tempting Eve. It follows, then, that serpents originally moved in some other way. That theological point forces Milton to invent a rather fanciful rear-wheel drive, the details of which he well-advisedly keeps a bit vague.

An assiduous digger through European archives could turn up a number of ponderous treatises on snake-locomotion before and after. By the world's evidence, then, as well as his own conviction, Milton was dealing with facts. There was a time not too long since when the study of such facts was very nearly all there was to the study of poetry in our universities, and there is still a marked tendency among many readers to think they have made a sufficient contact with the poem when they have identified and placed such central facts.

Because the natural form for the exposition of facts seems to be the essay, such a fact-centered reading of poetry may be thought of as "the essay approach." The true nature of a poem's performance of itself, however, is so lightly concerned with its essay-content, that it may reasonably serve the purposes of good reading to pretend that there are no facts in the poem. A poet must believe *something* passionately enough to have strong feelings about it, but what that *something* is in actual fact is the item of least consequence as far as the poetic performance is concerned.

The essay has satisfied its essential requirements when it has followed the facts—facts, opinions, arguments, all in general that it "has to say."

Poetry, does, as noted, involve itself with facts, but the poetic essence is so much nearer that of music than it is that of the essay, that to stress factual content is often the quickest way to lose sight of the poem. *The essence of a poem is that one thing in it requires another.* As far as the words of poetry are concerned that inner requirement is so little a matter of external meaning (denotation) and so much an inner dialogue of connotations (feelings, sounds, and historical, and pictorial roots) that it will at least serve to redress the balance to pretend that denotation has no function, and to practice the experience of a poem in something like pure musical terms.

The French critic Boileau called the essence of poetry a *je-ne-sais-quoi,* an "I-don't-know-what." Line by line, and passage by passage the poem comes to the poet from sources he feels strongly but does not pretend to understand. At least at the beginning of the poem. Very soon, however, whatever comes to him from the *je-ne-sais-quoi* had better start coming in response to what he has already written down or he is not going to have a poem. Maybe the first line comes from nowhere. And maybe the second comes from a second-theme nowhere. But wherever the third line comes from, it has to come from those first lines as well. The poem, that is, is forever generating its own context. Like a piece of music, it exists as a self-entering, self-generating, self-complicating, self-resolving form.

TO ANSWER to that musicality within the structure of the poem is to answer to the poem itself. Milton's rear-wheel-snake-passage, ridiculous as its essay-content is bound to seem, is an example of poetry elevated to sublimity by the rich and powerful development of its diction into music-like themes.

The first characteristic of Milton's diction here is precision. Note especially the rightness of "indented." Milton wished to ascribe to the post-Paradisal snake a wave-like motion. Now a wave may be conceived in many ways—as a single peak, as a trough-and-crest, or as a long roller. But the clear historical meaning of "indented" is "cut into tooth-like points." For Milton—so passionate a Latinist that he could speak of "elephants endorsed with towers"—that root image of "indented" establishes a whole series of waves. For clearly a single wave cannot be indented. At least two are required to make an indentation. In poetry, the force of any given sense is readily extended; as soon as the pluralness of the wave is established, the suggested picture at once becomes not two waves, but many.

Parenthetically, it must be noted that the process of selection going on in the poet's mind (or the recognition of that process in the mind of a good reader) is not spread out across a paragraph of description. It is most likely to happen as an instantaneous, surprising, and happy discovery.

The rightness of the choice is felt in many ways at once. It is the explanation that labors, not the poem. The one point of the explanation is to guide the reader back to the poem with a sharper awareness of what he must learn to experience instantaneously.

Now note the last phrase, "floated redundant." As the snake rears its jeweled head, the remaining coils lie on the grass as if they floated. "Floated," of course, once more suggests the wave-image, and in combination with "redundant" it urges a picture of many slow coils lying at ease on the waters, resting but still keeping a slow, endless, easy motion.

But why "redundant"? Why not "superfluous"? "remaining"? "excessive"? Milton's choice was partly determined by the sound of the word, to be sure, but much more urgently because of the picture hidden in the Latin roots of the word (*redundare,* to overflow; from *unda,* a wave). "Su-

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perfluous" also means "to overflow" but with a single, continuous outward motion, as of a river, rather than with the better-related suggestion of a wave's surging-and-receding motion.

Quite clearly Milton has chosen his words not only, nor even primarily, for the rightness of their denotation (essay-wise) but for the interconnection of their connotations (musically); not for their exactness to the "facts" but for the way they follow from other words in the passage. "Floated redundant," for example, might factually have been expressed "sprawled out in excess loops and coils"; but then the interplay of one wave suggestion with another would have been lost. The point cannot be made often enough that it is exactly such interplays that determine the poem as a poem, and that such interplays, far from being ornamental, are inseparable from the poem's "meaning." They *are* the meaning, and if they are not, there is no defense for poetry, nor any meaningful way of preferring it to embroidery, crossword puzzles, or the day's prose-from-Washington.

HAVING located "indented wave" and "floated redundant" as specific kinds of watery motion, one may now look back and see that "surging," too, is at root a watery motion. Its base picture is of a spring bubbling up, its waters agitated in all directions around it. Thus in nine-and-a-fraction lines, that suggestion of watery motion has been three times urged upon the reader. What could be more like the way in which the fragments of a musical theme are picked up, dropped, and picked up again? If the jargon is not objectionable, this sort of poetic development may reasonably be called an "overtone theme." Just as certain characters in opera are identifiable by a musical theme that accompanies them through the action, so the serpent is carried through this description to the theme of a constant wavering watery motion.

And having noted one theme, the reader can hardly fail to note another: the snake also moves like an oriental monarch. His elevation is regal: ("towered," "crested-aloft," "spires"). His ornaments are all magnificence: ("crested"—*i.e.*, crowned, "carbuncled"—*i.e.*, diamonded, and "gold"). Thus the theme of watery motion is accompanied by a theme of regal splendor. Again the poem performs itself much as does a piece of music.

And much as in a piece of music, the two themes join. Waves "tower" and kings may be said to "tower" above men. "Crested aloft" suggests a wave at peak, and it also means "crowned on high."

Now if one re-reads the passage he can note three groupings of overtone themes: watery-motion, regal-splendor, and the two together. Arranged in three columns the words and phrases that might be related to each of these themes would appear so:

Watery motion	*Regal splendor*
indented wave	carbuncle
circular base	burnished
rising folds	gold
fold upon fold	circling spires
surging maze	
floated redundant	

Regal splendor and Watery motion

towered
crested aloft

Whatever the value of such a tabulation, it cannot fail to make clear, first, that a unified principle of selection is at work in this diction, and second, that the words are being selected from inside their connotations and in answer to one another's connotations, rather than from inside their denotation.

For poetry, it must be understood, is a made thing. It does not *record* reality nor even imagination; it *selects* from them. The ideal newspaper account of an incident, for example, aims at recording what happened; a good short story selects and shapes. Whatever the short story's take-off from fact, it must end by shaping itself to itself. The fact that a given event happened in "real life" does not make it happen in an art form; it must be made to happen *in terms of what has previously been established.* A good painting is neither a photograph nor a blueprint but an interpretation and an intensification achieved by emphasizing some things, subordinating others, and by following the inner-requiredness of the composition. Put a dab of paint on an endless surface and it does not matter where it falls. But put a frame around it, and immediately the one dab requires another, and the two a third, until some sort of composition has been achieved.

These scattering examples are all to the point that every art form presents its material within a convention and a limitation, and that the material does not exist meaningfully in that art form until it has become involved in the inner-requiredness of its formal limitations. Until the perception of a poem becomes a perception of that inner-requiredness, the poem has not come into view. To paraphrase a statement by I. A. Richards, "One talks about the subject of a poem when he does not know what to do with the poemness of the poem." That "poemness" exists nowhere but in the poem's performance of itself from itself into itself.

—Bettmann.

Eve and the serpent—"Condemned to crawl on its belly for its crime."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Joyce Cary's Last Novel

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS last years, after he had been stricken by the disease that resulted in almost complete paralysis before it finally killed him, Joyce Cary was struggling with the most difficult problems of man and his destiny. That struggle was reflected in the posthumously published "Art and Reality" (*SR* Aug. 9, 1958), and we feel it again in **"The Captive and the Free"** (Harper, $5). Not surprisingly, in view of Cary's gifts, the novel is more provocative and more revealing than the essay.

"The Captive and the Free" was not quite finished when Cary died, but Winifred Davin, its editor, has done only a minimum of cutting and splicing. If he had lived, Cary would have revised more drastically, for there are many roughnesses and some obscurities. But in spite of these defects, the novel is as fascinating as anything Cary ever wrote. Not by a large margin his best novel, it is in a special way a key to the man.

The novel tells about a faith healer by the name of Preedy and about persons whose lives his life touches. Among the latter is a curate named Syson, who begins with a kind of conventional disapproval of Preedy, plunges into fanatical and self-destructive opposition, and emerges with a tenacious faith of his own. There is Alice, with whom Preedy had sexual relations when she was only fourteen. There is Hooper, a journalist on the make, who for a time sees Preedy as a good thing, and there is Joanna, who falls in love with Hooper. There are others.

It is impossible to give a summary description of any of the characters, for one cannot apply an adjective or a noun without introducing its opposite. One cannot, for instance, say that Preedy is a hypocrite with any more confidence than one can call him sincere. Syson is a good deal of a fool, but he speaks words of wisdom. Hooper is certainly a scoundrel, but again and again one feels that he might not have been. Both Alice and Joanna are at moments abjectly weak and yet in fundamentals invincibly strong.

In technique the novel is unlike anything else of Cary's that I have read. In recent works, including the Gulley Jimson trilogy and the Chester Nimmo trilogy, he uses first-person narrative, and in other novels he writes from clearly defined points of view. Here he assumes omniscience, entering freely into the minds of all major and many minor characters, and talking directly to the reader about the characters and their motives when it serves his purpose to do so.

This technique is not only unfashionable at the moment; it is terribly difficult. For that reason I am sorry that Cary was unable to give the novel a final working over, since there are passages in which the technique breaks down, and with these, we may be sure, he would have dealt. Yet his achievement is extraordinary. Most contemporary novelists make a great effort to show the reader rather than to tell him, for it is felt that "telling" indicates a failure of the imagination. Cary, however, makes "telling" work because he has so fully realized his characters. In the world he has created he is omniscient, and the reader knows it.

If there is one quality that can be found in all of Cary's novels from "Mister Johnson" on, it is his sense of the unpredictability of human behavior, and this has never been more keenly displayed than in "The Captive and the Free." The novel is full of surprises, and it must have been at least partly for the sake of these surprises that Cary adopted the technique he uses. As one moves rapidly from character to character, one sees in what complicated ways human beings influence one another, how misunderstandings multiply, how strangely cause and effect are related.

The novel is made of many strands. It is not only the story of Preedy; it is not only the story of Syson; Preedy's fate affects the fate of a newspaper syndicate and all the persons connected with it. "In fact, as we know now," Cary writes, with the abruptness that characterizes this novel, "there was a split on the *Argus* board. The paper had been losing circulation and there had been an attempt to loosen the grip of Ackroyd and Timney, who, with Sir John Rideout till his death ten years before, and since then with his widow, old Lady Rideout, had had absolute control of the whole Rideout Press for more than forty years." What happens to these people and to the *Argus* and to Harry Hooper, at the outset the paper's influential columnist, and to Joanna, who is Lady Rideout's daughter and Hooper's mistress and later wife—all this is important.

Cary introduces such a large cast because he wants to display specimens of the captive and the free. In his introduction David Cecil speaks of Preedy, Syson, and Alice—"the girl in Preedy's life"—as being free. "The rest," he says, "are in some degree what Cary calls captives: people who, for good or bad reasons, feel themselves compelled to accept standards and religious views inherited or imposed on them by society." This is a reasonable interpretation, and, since Cecil discussed the novel with Cary, it may be an authoritative one. However, a different view is possible. Perhaps Preedy, Syson, and Alice are to be regarded as the captives, since they are committed, and the others, who are not committed, are free. But if this theory is to be argued, it must be pointed out that Cary regards captivity as the more desirable condition, even though he recognizes its dangers as surely as he recognizes the advantages of freedom.

In any case Cary is seeking to present a variety of commitments. Preedy, for all his weaknesses, has hold of something that seems to Cary as genuine as the artistic integrity of that rascally old painter, Gulley Jimson, in "The Horse's Mouth." Syson blunders his way into as valid a faith. Hooper, recognizing the importance of commitment but unable to find his cause, is condemned to pure egotism. Even he, however, is more admirable than certain highly respectable, self-satisfied individuals such as Tinney of the *Argus* and Syson's father-in-law, Sir Harry Simpkins.

This problem of commitment was of the greatest importance to Cary. David Cecil believes that the faith to which Syson is brought approximates the faith that Cary held. "Experience had convinced him," Cecil writes, "that man's apprehension of beauty and of human love was inexplicable on any purely rational or materialist terms. It was proof of some transcendent spiritual reality with which a man must relate himself harmoniously if he is to find satisfaction." What Cary found was the courage to work on with a crippled body and under the shadow of death. The novel might inspire all sorts of pious sentiments on the subject of the indomitable human spirit, but we had better be cautious, for in the novel Cary is reminding us how often the manifestations of that spirit mock our pieties.

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The Anguish After Appomattox

***"The Angry Scar: The Story of Reconstruction," by Hodding Carter** (Doubleday. 425 pp. $5.95), synthesizes scholarship on, and interprets, the sorry days after 1865. Richard B. Harwell, who examines Mr. Carter's diagnosis of the ills of the South, edited "The Union Reader" and "The Confederate Reader." He is associate executive director of the American Library Association.*

By Richard B. Harwell

HODDING CARTER leads the reader of "The Angry Scar" through Reconstruction's maze of counterinfluences and its puzzling personalities with authority and understanding. His book will be as instructive to those who think they understand the South as to those who know they do not. It is brilliant writing and brilliant interpretation of Reconstruction and of the South.

Reconstruction was a national tragedy. The immediate postwar South was generally willing to work for a new place in national existence. How that willingness was baffled by the imposition of Radical Reconstruction, by inept guidance from its own leaders, by punitive economic restrictions, and by racial tensions is the story of a tragedy far greater than Appomattox. Reconstruction fixed upon the South a regional separateness that made it difficult for the region to participate as a full partner in national affairs. The rise of Bourbonism as the Southern states shed the yoke of Radical Reconstruction and military rule fixed firmly on the South a conviction of differentness and gave it both a regional inferiority feeling and a compulsion to explain itself.

Hodding Carter is a product of this compulsion. "The Angry Scar," however, is more than self-explanation. As an interpretation of Reconstruction it ranks with Claude Bowers's "The Tragic Era." As an explanation of the South it ranks with W. J. Cash's "The Mind of the South." It is a synthesis rather than an exposition of extensive new material. Mr. Carter has used the solid work of academic historians, has woven the essence of their contributions into a highly readable narrative, and has added a depth of interpretation which the professional historian too often considers beyond his scope.

Reconstruction cannot be considered as an isolated phenomenon. Mr. Carter is well aware of this and delves back generously into the story of the Civil War and, sparingly, into even earlier history for his background. He reaches to the present in explaining the effects of Reconstruction.

Both personalities and events are handled admirably.

> It is essential [Mr. Carter writes] for those who are not inheritors of bitter fact and legend to know something of the tenure and the employment of the Yankee bayonet in the South of Reconstruction; something of the nature and durations of the civil governments which ruled the Southern states in Reconstruction; something of the response of many men, white and black, Yankee and former Rebel, Republican and Democrat, to the vast national opportunity for public plunder; and something of a political President who had been an unpolitical general, and of the men who surrounded him, and of the odorous times in which they lived and governed and stole or permitted stealing.

All of "The Angry Scar" is prelude to the present, and much has a direct bearing. Mr. Carter comments on attempts to integrate public schools: "They failed because of adamant white opposition that was not confined to the anti-Republican native whites." In another (but pertinent) connection he notes: "The bayonet became and the bayonet remains a durable and unendurable symbol in a 150-year-old debate as to the rights of the several states and the overriding rights of the American citizen."

In a brilliant penultimate chapter he diagnoses the ills of the South, and his diagnosis leads directly to the race question. He offers no panacea; "the end is not in sight," he says. But he leaves room for optimism:

> The persistent reality of decent personal relationships which existed and endured . . . may yet prevail. Had affection and trust and respect not existed in the South during the war and afterward, the nation might have suffered in Reconstruction a blood bath from which it would not have yet recovered. The genesis of the higher sentiments was the simple fact of human decency.

—Harper's Weekly, *November, 1872 (Culver).*

"The Man with the [Carpet] Bags: The bag in front of him, filled with others' faults, he always sees. The one behind him, filled with his own faults, he never sees."

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Prejudice and a Citizens' Poll

"Desegregation: Resistance and Readiness," by Melvin M. Tumin *(Princeton University Press. 270 pp. $5), recounts an effort to determine which groups in the South are ready for integration, and which are most likely to resist. The Reverend John LaFarge, S. J., who assesses the inquiry, is the author of "The Race Question and the Negro."*

By John LaFarge, S. J.

THE first condition for any rational treatment of the troubled racial situation in this country is to recognize the immediate issue. The second is to ascertain what people believe can be done about it. This means that opposing opinions shall be given the opportunity to speak frankly.

The "immediate" issue—for no end of long-range issues are involved: historical, moral, political, sociological. But the moot question here and now is whether or not free citizens of the United States are to be forced to submit to a set of elaborate legal restrictions that from their very nature deny them equal rights and equal opportunities.

As for what can—or ought to be—done about it, the nation's major religious bodies have already uttered their mind, as has the nation's chief legislative tribunal. Yet without a response from the people themselves, church and court alike speak into a void. Hence the importance of direct interrogation.

The interrogators in this instance were a team of nine graduate Princeton sociology students, three of whom were Southerners, working under the direction of Professor Melvin Tumin of Princeton and with the collaboration of the University of North Carolina. The objects of their questioning were 287 persons in Guilford County, North Carolina, white and male, who were as diverse in background, education, and social condition as could be estimated: educated and uneducated, white collar and blue collar, urban and rural, high and low income. Guilford County, in which the city of Greensboro is located, had the advantage of convenience as well as of a wide range of opinion.

Persons were queried on five main points: 1) their *image* of the Negro—responsibility, intelligence, morality, and ambition; 2) *ideal preferences* in the matter of social contacts; 3) *feelings* or emotions, and 4) proposed *action*. In addition, people were asked as to how far—according to certain scale—they were *ready* or *unready* for any change. Even principal factors of their lives were taken into account. Of these, three we found to be the most significant: formal education, occupational status, and the influence of mass media.

The "most-ready" group, the authors find, seems to be composed of those who have "less to fear in the immediate future from any improvement in Negro status," owing to their economic and educational status, and who have "much to lose, in their material concerns and their social ideologies, from continued segregation and discrimination against the Negro.

Such conclusions may seem, as sociologists' findings not infrequently do, like saying that the Dutch have taken Holland, especially as anti-Negro prejudice remains considerably undisturbed among even the "ready to-desegregate" elements. Nevertheless, the fact that there does exist a considerable and influential leadership among the people of Guilford County is not insignificant. Under the strong pressure that is being exerted in large sections of the South toward complete conformity, the existence of a core of leadership in Governor Hodges's North Carolina can encourage similar elements in more hard-pressed places. Education and business interests and social status are, after all, lasting powers in our American society. The fact that in Little Rock three out of six elections to the local school board were won by moderate desegregationists, may indicate a wider trend than it at first sight might imply.

The Tumin associates did not find religious affiliations a noteworthy factor in determining Guilford County attitudes; but religious groups—Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish—have been making themselves heard very much of late, will continue to be more heard, and they talk straight to the people, not just to the more "influential."

I do not find anything earth-shaking about the Tumin associates' discoveries, but they are full of information. They inspire certain hopes and suggest fruitful inquiries that could be made elsewhere in the country.

—Illustration from "Tales from the Cloud Walking Country."

"For specialists and common folk."

Spell Setters

"Sticks in the Knapsack," edited by Vance Randolph *(Columbia University Press. 171 pp. $3.75) and* ***"Tales from the Cloud Walking Country," edited by Marie Campbell*** *(Indiana University Press. 270 pp. $4.50), are compilations of folk tales from the Ozarks and Arkansas. The pleasures inherent in them are pointed out by Roland Dickison, professor of English and academic dean of Arkansas College in Batesville.*

By Roland Dickison

"THE MOON rode high in those days, and there was always sugar in the gourd," says Vance Randolph in his introduction to "Sticks in the Knapsack," and the reader of these tales of the Ozarks is inclined to agree and to be a bit nostalgic. The life pictured is leisurely, full of fun, uninhibited, and colorful in a way quite unlike the Little Rock situation. With the ever-increasing uniformity and, too frequently, the mediocrity of entertainment provided by television, it is all the more important to "set a spell and take it resty," a necessary condition for enjoying these tales handed down from father to son, and disappearing so rapidly from the American scene.

"The Ozark Mountain region is a strange land, and few outsiders know

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anything about it," declares Randolph, who has spent more than thirty years collecting folklore from the region surrounding his home in picturesque Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Randolph lets the narrators take over, telling their tall tales more or less at random. He has not deleted any sexual or scatalogical terms, and prefers to omit unprintables tales, rather than risk spoiling them by expurgation.

None of the tales in the present edition is spoiled, but some are very old. Ernest Baughman, of the University of New Mexico, who has compiled in the appendix an annotated list of the tales from such sources as Stith Thompson's "Motif-Index of Folk Literature," records a variant of Beowulf ("Tobe Killed a Bear") and a story clearly related to Chaucer's "The Pardoner's Tale" (called "It Served the Bastards Right"). Randolph has added to these notes where and when and from whom he heard the tales, and Glen Rounds has done clever line drawings to illustrate the anecdotes.

In "Folks Use to Raise Flax" a young "peckerwood couple" has great success in raising flax, and the hill folk finally discover that the success comes from the pagan rites of planting, in which the young go naked in the field sowing the flax and share a good deal more than their endeavors. As the narrator concludes, "Folks was hell on charms and conjures in the early days, and nobody had much book-learning." While frequently racy, "Sticks in the Knapsack," is in no way racial.

Vance Randolph's work seems a rowdy neighbor to Marie Campbell's "Tales from the Cloud Walking Country," to which it bears a rough similarity in subject-matter and the manner of the author's approach: both collectors discount their own contribution; as Aunt Viny says to Miss Campbell, "You only but *wrote* this here book." "Cloud Walking Country" has a rough organization by narrators and motif, with a concluding section of notes, which gives the reader information as to the history of the separate stories, all of European origin. Miss Campbell, who is currently teaching English at Glassboro State College in New Jersey, has done her own annotating, and gives a descriptive introduction to each of her six narrators, who, as in the Ozarks collection, relate the stories in their native idiom. For example, Aunt Lizbeth Fields with her "Tales with all Manner of Things Golden" tells one called "A Stepchild that was Treated Mighty Bad," in which

> This mean-hearted woman thought up ways to get rid of Snowwhite. She said one day to a strange man . . . I'll give you six bits, maybe a dollar, if you will toll this girl off in the woods a far piece and leave her there to perish. I purely can't stand the sight of her any longer.

As is evident, this tale, like most of the other seventy-seven, is a familiar fairy tale, or *Märchen*. All of them were collected by Miss Campbell in the early 1930s while she was teaching in the mountain schools of Caney and Gander (now Carcassone). "Cloud Walking Country" is the first of five volumes that Miss Campbell intends to publish. Miss Campbell's tales are longer than Randolph's, less lusty, populated with kings and queens, in contrast to Randolph's earthier mountain people. Both books are delightful reading for both specialists and "common folk."

Exodus North

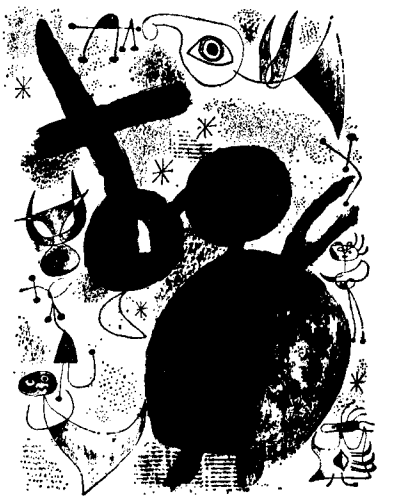
"Make Free: The Story of the Underground Railroad," by William Breyfogle *(Lippincott. 288 pp. $4.50), tells about the flight-line along which countless slaves fled to the North. Clifford Dowdey, who reviews the book, is a Civil War historian.*

By Clifford Dowdey

THIS author opens with a handsome disclaimer of any intention to make the Southerner the heavy of his narrative of the Underground Railway, but he ends by making a compilation of every cliché ever used against the ante-bellum South. As a flat statement, he says that "the states of the upper South began their deliberate breeding for the insatiable [slave] markets of Charleston and New Orleans." This "deliberate" breeding of Negro chattels for the sale of their offspring has not been proven, and the statement negates the humanitarianism of emancipationists in the upper South (from Mrs. Mary Minor Blackford to Robert E. Lee), the financial sacrifice of those who manumitted slave property (like the half million dollars written off by John Randolph on freeing more than 400 slaves), and the statistical fact on the movement of freeing slaves that caused Virginia and Maryland together to have a larger population of freed slaves than the rest of the country. Virginia had counties as early as 1830 with a population of freed Negroes larger than the population of whites or Negro slaves.

Mr. Breyfogle also offers that "arrogant, uncompromising mind [of the

(*Continued on page 35*)



"EACH GRAIN OF DUST possesses a marvelous soul," wrote Miró, "but to understand it, one must find again the religious and magic sense of things, that of primitive peoples." Miró sought that "magic sense" in his lithographs and etchings, reproduced amply in Sam Hunter's **"Joan Miró: His Graphic Work"** (Abrams, $15). Above, in untitled lithographs, and in the dream-world etching, below, Miró recreated the ancient symbols of prehistoric art.

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FICTION

The Turbulent Spring of Experience

"Across Paris and Other Stories," by Marcel Aymé; *translated by Norman Denny (Harper. 254 pp. $3.50), is the first collection in English of tales, both ironic and off-beat, by one of France's most original modern writers. Poet and critic Claude Vigée, now chairman of the School of Humanities at Brandeis University, discusses the stories and the storyteller below.*

By Claude Vigée

FOR more than thirty years Marcel Aymé has captured the fancy of French readers of fiction, both young and old. By now he has become something of an ageless classic, the heir of the anonymous medieval *fabliaux* writers. Yet, in spite of an abundant literary production, ranging from comedy or satirical essay to the novel and the children's tale, he remains a puzzle to orderly critics. They would like to label him and find themselves lost in contradictions as they compare him simultaneously to Rabelais, Voltaire, Franz Kafka, and Alphonse Daudet! There is, in this clearest of all authors, something unpredictable —like the Spanish *duende*—a power of renewal and invention not far removed from sorcery. His quality of imagination cannot be ascribed solely to his gift for unbridled fantasy; he has a sharp eye for the bleak realities of life on many levels of society, from crude peasants to Parisian artists or black-marketeers. His work owes its brilliance and freshness to an original blend of truth and daydream.

Dichtung und Wahrheit at best achieve an unstable combination. But it is from this effervescent mixture that genuine human experience springs. Marcel Aymé's writings depend upon a strange, uneasy tension of opposites. The souls of his shabby characters are crushed by acceptance of frustration, ennui, the endless flow of empty years, and lifted by the wildest leaps toward freedom, bliss, paradise. Their moods vary from resigned indifference to things to outbursts of maniacal passion. The drabness of daily living on archaic farms or in modern cities merges with the universe of wish-fulfilment through magic, crime, and madness. The bureaucrat's office hours and his escapes into the realm of the supernatural are both seen as commonplace events. As a consequence, the reader passes without transition through worlds which, in his own adult experience, usually remain far apart. He becomes, like Aymé's hero, M. Dutilleul, a "Walker-through-Walls." It is not the least among our writer's achievements that his semifantastic, seminaturalistic tales almost inadvertently turn into parables of the readers' secret life and longings.

The short stories collected in this handsome volume all bear witness to the duality of Aymé's outlook, a conflict which can be overcome only by childlike innocence or a ferocious irony. Aymé applies both remedies to the old wound. He constantly shuttles back and forth between a humor which, as in "The Picture-Well," screens off the pit of despair and misery, and a sense of wonder through which everything dreadful becomes simple again, plain as the miracle of daylight. Sometimes—and here we find Aymé at his best—this *merveilleux quotidien* functions like a deluding prism through which the stark light of frustrations and hatreds is broken into the beautiful hues of consoling dreams. Underlying the delightful fairy tale created and actually carried out by the innocent dreamer in real life, is a frightening human story of unsatisfied lusts, compulsive aggression, and breakdown into insanity. Thus the two distant spheres of Desire and Action sometimes do coincide, at the expense of the hero who did not know how to keep them separate.

Duvilé, in "The Wine of Paris," has to pay the price for his pent-up anger and for exacting a vicarious revenge against the world. After years of rationing caused by the war this humiliated little man is possessed by an overwhelming thirst for red wine, which looks so much like fresh blood. This wish suddenly causes him to see all human shapes going down the street in the likeness of "dozens and dozens of bottles of every vintage." Frustrated in pride and drink, as he has been all these years of war and married life, is it surprising that Etienne Duvilé, armed with a heavy poker, should try to take the neck off many such miraculous bottles, "just level with the shoulders, neat as anything"? He naturally started with his nagging, bald-headed father-in-law, "for he was particularly fond of Burgundy." But, the narrator hopefully concludes, the doctors soon release Duvilé from the insane asylum to send him to the wine-growing Arbois country, where the abundance of real red wine will soon cure him of all his wartime and matrimonial frustrations: thus a natural reconciliation is humorously held out by Aymé as a possible solution to man's existential conflicts and metaphysical duality.

"The State of Grace" is written in the same charitable Christian spirit. The saintly M. Duperrier from Mont-

"I *know* it gives you a sense of belonging, dear, but really . . ."

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martre certainly did his utmost in the way of the Seven Deadly Sins in order to get rid of the embarassing halo Divine Grace had bestowed upon him. This heavenly gift was incompatible with his earthly life: his wife complained that "the light of the halo, bathing the pillows, made it impossible for her to sleep at night." But all his exertions in the direction of sin were of no avail. Aymé coyly describes him ending his career as a pimp on the Boulevard de Clichy, where he supervises the labors of Marie-Jeannick of Landivisiau, an ex-maid-of-all-work from Brittany. He can be seen by everyone, "waiting at the hotel door to count her takings by the light of the halo." Yet, from the depths of his heroic degradation and inverted martyrdom, there sometimes rises to his lips "a prayer of thanksgiving for the absolute gratuity of the gifts of God." Above the pitiful contingencies of mundane existence floats a never-never land where all conflicts are blissfully transcended.

It is, of course, a little distressing to discover that the two kingdoms should be related only through incongruities: dreams, madness, sins, or miracles. Even after he finally gets caught within the stone wall he dared so often to walk through, Aymé's wretched hero still feels "the restless hankering which was in some sort the call of the other side of the wall." When cruel life has denied him the levity of his dreams, his faithful artist-friend "comes to console the unhappy prisoner with a song, and the notes, flying from the benumbed fingers, pierce to the heart of the stone like drops of moonlight." Thus, through the medium of art and poetry, illusion keeps feeding on human nostalgia at the very core of disillusionment.

Poor Jouque had a sadistic drunkard of a husband, who used to put her down his well, standing in the bucket, while everyone in the village kept silent "because the simplicity of the fields is by nature indulgent to brutes." Welled-in Jouque stared at the image of the two Hollywood-style lovers she fancied she saw reflected on the dark surface of the subterranean waters: "Jouque saw their lips were about to touch. She signed to them to wait for her, and plunged in." One wonders why the translator suppressed the last sentence of this edifying drama: "The pagan gods were celebrating that day in Pignol's well." It gives the story a joyful, melancholy, skeptical resonance, which is in keeping with Marcel Aymé's outlook on things. But, in general, the translation is both accurate and alive. It restores to the English reader something of the unique flavor of Aymé's style, where clever understatement of the main motives and emphatic treatment of apparently irrelevant detail constantly clash and mingle.

The choice of stories is excellent and covers a long period of the author's life. However, one regrets not finding any of the exquisite "*Contes du Chat Perché*" included in this volume. As it is, "Across Paris" constitutes but an introduction to the rich universe of Marcel Aymé. To do him full justice the reader must turn to novels like "The Green Mare," "*La Vouivre*," "Uranus," where the short storyteller's wit, talent, sense of fantasy are woven into a broad tapestry depicting in quasi-Rabelaisian tone the lives and times of quaint French petty bourgeois or peasants.

JERSEY-SIDE JUKES: Richard Powell deplores the passing of the pioneer spirit in America, and the growth of intricate Government machinery. He makes his point in **"Pioneer, Go Home!"** (Scribners, $3.75), a sort of Jukes-family-Robinson story, strongly laced with overtones of "No Time for Sergeants," in which the hero and narrator is a man so stupid as to confound and totally defeat the forces of Evil and Government, which in most cases are indistinguishable one from the other. It is billed as "a hilarious novel," but this is publisher's hyperbole, because the surprise and freshness necessary to generate real hilarity tend to thin out after a while, and the oft-told joke becomes visible far around the corner.

There can be no complaint about Mr. Powell's contention that "it don't do no good to let the Government get out of hand and uppity," or that the various forms of Government relief can be maneuvered by the shiftless and indolent to a point where they feel they are doing the Government a favor to accept the money. But the comedy comes from another direction, which is the hero's stupidity—or, if you will, his utter naïveté combined with unflagging honesty—and the fact that he has the strength of ten because his heart is pure. The whole thing is a joke and a moral, but they stem from different points of origin.

The parable involves a group of fugitives from the New Jersey pine forests named Kwimper, who belong to an intermarried clan like the Jukeses or the Kalikaks. There is Pop, a man so lazy that he goes to a great deal of trouble to think of ways of getting Government relief; his son Toby, an oaf who would make Li'l Abner look like Galileo; two loathsome twins who are affectionately referred to as "little imps," and a twin-sitter named Holly, who is not a member of the family. Their car runs out of gas on a newly completed highway in the South, and they assume squatters' rights on a spot just off the right-of-way. The rest of the story is

(*Continued on page* 31)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHORT COURSE IN ARBORICULTURE

The members of The Literati, a literary club in Aberdeen, Mississippi (Mrs. William Pace, chairman), submit a list of titles involving trees or portions thereof and ask you to assign these titles to the correct authors. Pruning is effected on page 40.

1. "Tree of Liberty"	( )	William Faulkner
2. "The Crown Tree"	( )	Betty Smith
3. "A Green Bough"	( )	Ross Lockridge, Jr.
4. "The Wild Palms"	( )	Jesse Stuart
5. "Great Oaks"	( )	Stark Young
6. "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"	( )	Ben Ames Williams
7. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"	( )	James Street
8. "Across the River and Into the Trees"	( )	Frank Yerby
9. "The Tamarack Tree"	( )	John Trotwood Moore
10. "Heaven Trees"	( )	Elizabeth Goudge
11. "Raintree County"	( )	Howard Breslin
12. "Fair Oaks"	( )	Ernest Hemingway
13. "The Bird in the Tree"	( )	William Faulkner
14. "Taproots"	( )	LeGette Blythe
15. "The Hornbeam Tree"	( )	Walter O'Mara
16. "Out on a Limb"	( )	Christine Weston
17. "Hearts of Hickory"	( )	Elizabeth Page
18. "Trees of Heaven"	( )	Cid Ricketts Sumner
19. "The Dark Wood"	( )	Louise Baker
20. "The Trees Went Forth"	( )	John Fox, Jr.

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The Lapins in America

IT WAS during the flight from Warsaw to New York. The pilot of the Pan American plane announced over the loud-speaker that within a few seconds we would be flying over the United States. The Polish ladies gasped in anticipation and delight and rushed to the windows. Below us was the serene white of a Maine winter.

"Stefania," one of the Ladies called out laughingly, "I hope you remembered to bring your skis."

Stefania smiled. She put her face close to the plane window for her first look at America. For a long time she seemed lost in her thoughts. Ahead of her were strange experiences in a new land. For the next few months she would live with American families, receive medical treatment as needed, and see a fabled world.

Stefania turned away from the window and saw that I had been watching her. "I am very, very happy," she said.

Judging from the other faces, it seemed apparent that she spoke for all the Ladies. As a group, they had been through a great deal together. Fifteen years ago, they had been personal witnesses to one of the bleakest episodes in human history. They had been involuntary guinea pigs in medical and surgical experimentation while imprisoned at the Ravensbrueck Concentration Camp in Germany, in the Second World War. They had had leg muscles removed in transplanting operations. Or the big bones in their legs had been cracked open; broken glass or other infectious materials had been inserted for the purpose of testing the efficacy of new sulfonamide drugs.

At that time, many of them were in their early twenties. They had been well educated, as a group; some had been trained for careers in medicine or science or education or the arts. They had been in the Polish Underground Army when they were captured by the German Army. They came together in one of the blocks at Ravensbrueck. They numbered seventy-four at the time. Fifty-three survived, all of them carrying the evidence in their bodies of the knives or drugs that had been used on them.

After the war, they returned to Poland and set about restoring what was left of their lives. They got jobs, to the extent that jobs were available; they moved back with their families, or what was left of them. Many of them eventually married. But in the years after Ravensbrueck, they kept waiting for Germany to give some sign or make some gesture that it wanted to make amends for the Molochs who had acted in its name. They also waited for some indication that the rest of the world would become aware of what had happened at Ravensbrueck.

"Do you know what sustained us in those days at Ravensbrueck?" one of them had said to me in Warsaw the day before the departure for the United States. "We wanted to live long enough for the world to know. We were afraid that there would be no survivors, no one left to tell. I remember thinking that day, that day when I awakened after the operation and discovered what they had done to my leg, I remember thinking first of all, that this couldn't be true, that I had been genuinely ill and that the doctors were helping me. I couldn't accept the fact that doctors would allow themselves to use their knowledge to hurt people or to regard human beings as guinea pigs. But then I learned that I might lose my leg or even my life in a medical experiment. The one idea that seized me and never left me was that people must know. The pain and the fever were bad. Far worse was the agony that came because these things could happen without anyone outside ever knowing about them."

The Lapins at Ravensbrueck tried everything that minds in desperation could think of in an effort to smuggle word about the experiments to people outside the camp. They made promises of extravagant later rewards to attendants or orderlies to hide envelopes containing detailed descriptions of the experiments until the end of the war, when the material would be turned over to responsible authorities.

Then, when word somehow reached Ravensbrueck that the war was almost over, the Lapins were terrified because they knew the Nazis would attempt to destroy all evidence of what had happened. One of the attendants confirmed the fact that an extermination squad would arrive at the camp within a few days. With the aid of a few sympathetic attendants who were not unmindful of the implications of Germany's loss in the war, the girls hid out in the other blocks. Several of the Lapins were too ill to be moved, however. They dug little foxholes for themselves under the floorboards in their regular block. For three days they lay feverishly under the floorboards, without light or food or water or facilities of any kind. On the second day, they heard the stamping and scuffling of heavy boots overhead.

"We were less than half-alive," Helenka Piasecka says, as she recalls the experience. "We were very sick and we were stained by our own filth. I don't suppose human beings ever had less reason to want to live, yet that was when the will to live was strongest. We knew that if we could survive for just a few more days we might be able to let the world know."

THE next day, the sounds of the boots vanished and the Lapins came out of their foxholes. When they looked at each other, their sickness was multiplied. It was their first moment of freedom but there was nothing about that moment they could celebrate.

The ordeal of the Lapins did not end when they left Ravensbrueck. When they went home they discovered that almost every person had his own

(*Continued on page* 38)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ACTION URGED

YOUR ALWAYS INTERESTING Science Editor —Mr. John Lear—has earned the gratitude of the entire country by his article on miracle drugs. (*SR* Jan. 3). I feel so strongly that something should be done about such false or misleading advertisements, particularly those that directly affect our health and even our lives, that I have sent a copy of his article to our representative of the First Congressional District—the Honorable Stuyvesant Wainwright—and have urged him to initiate Congressional action.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES.

Northport, L.I.

MOST FACTUAL TO DATE

YOUR ARTICLE, "Taking the Miracle out of the Miracle Drugs," was the most factual and intelligent article written on this subject to date. I am a registered pharmacist and I am interested in securing enough reprints to present to the physicians locally. Your article, if given personally to the physicians, would do much to awaken them to the situation that confronts them not only in respect to the antibiotics but to all drugs introduced so furiously in these times of "hard sell."

MERWYN A. HANSING.

Elgin, Ill.

DENTISTS INTERESTED

"TAKING THE MIRACLE OUT OF THE MIRACLE DRUGS" will accomplish more than the Federal Trade Commission (which does not do much about the manufacturing pharmaceutical houses). Dentists, like physicians, swallow the advertising gobble-degook in large draughts. I would like each of my students to have a copy of this article. Can I purchase 300 reprints?

S. LEONARD ROSENTHAL, D.D.S.
Professor of Oral Diagnosis,
Temple University School of Dentistry.

Philadelphia, Pa.

PRIME INTEREST

IN 1957 I retired after thirty-five years of teaching biochemistry in two Eastern medical schools. The biochemical and physiological aspects of the antibiotic enthusiasm that has swept the country are therefore to me a matter of prime interest. Congratulations and more congratulations on your article on doctors and antibiotics.

JAMES C. ANDREWS.

Conway, N.H.

MOTHERS CONCERNED

I COULDN'T count the number of times that I have been questioned by concerned mothers about giving their children a "shot of penicillin" for the routine extraction of a tooth. In many instances, I have been criticized to my face or behind my back for my *failure* to administer some antibiotic drug in connection with a surgical procedure in the mouth. There is no question that the first lesson is to be learned by those of us in medicine and dentistry; but as the public becomes aware of the limitations of antibiotic use, our job will become that much simpler.

BRUCE L. DOUGLAS, D.D.S.

Rego Park, N.Y.

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"Sure I voted to ostracize Aristides. Now how do you spell J. Wesley Smith?"

FIRST-RATE JOB

I WANT YOU to know that in my judgment, *SR* did a first-rate job in the article "Taking the Miracle out of the Miracle Drugs."

EDWARD JOHN CARNELL.,
President,
Fuller Theological Seminary.

Pasadena, Calif.

WANTS REPRINTS

I enjoyed your article "Taking the Miracle out of the Miracle Drugs" and I would like to have ten (10) reprints, to pass around to professional friends and associates.

HENRY E. WILSON, M.D.
Professor of Medicine,
Ohio State University.

Columbus, O.

"WE'VE BEEN HAD"

I AM A FAITHFUL reader of *SR* and have appreciated the excellence of your science articles, that is, until the one "Taking the Miracle out of the Miracle Drugs." I am afraid, sir, that you've been had. I don't know a single physician who pays the slightest attention to drug ads. As to the case of the invisible physicians, no doctor in his right mind would ever allow his name to be used (and no ethical pharmaceutical company would ever publish his name) in such a fashion and these names are always fictitious ones.

ROLAND E. BIEREN, M.D.

Falls Church, Va.

SHOCKED AT ASSAULT

I WAS DELIGHTED to read your article on the excessive and improper use of antibiotic drugs. I was shocked, however, at your assault on Pfizer and Company. May I say that I am not a stockholder nor an enthusiast of present advertising methods. As a physician, however, I cannot conceive of any of my colleagues misinterpreting that advertisement as you did. Those were obviously fictitious names. No drug company would be so indiscreet as to advertise individual doctors in such a manner.

HENRY PESKIN, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear's study of antibiotics cited the Pfizer ad as only one example of a widespread questionable practice. As a result of his report, the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association is astir with questions of adequate policing for its own ethical code. How much real reform will be brought about, time alone can prove. We intend to continue to watch the situation and to report progress as it occurs. Our first item to report is that John E. McKeen, President of Chas. Pfizer and Co., Inc., with two of his associates, visited the* Saturday Review *and informed us that: 1) Pfizer has never intentionally misrepresented a product; 2) he agreed that the brochure criticized by the* Saturday Review *could have been misleading and has not been repeated; and 3) the company has instituted measures that it believes will prevent recurrence of such advertising techniques.*

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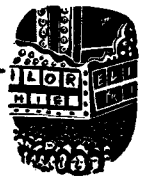

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Love Is a Many Blistered Thing

IN **"The Eighth Day of the Week,"** made by a co-production group involving Poles and West Germans, a boy and a girl, much in love, run into a series of difficulties when they try to have a premarital affair. The story is as simple as that, but it is also relatively complicated. For one thing, the scene of their love is post-war Warsaw where, during the lengthy reconstruction period, living appears neither easy nor comfortable. The task of finding a place and a time to be alone is so staggeringly difficult for the young lovers that they very nearly wind up tragically. And it is only by the grace of the director, Alexander Ford, that they are eventually allowed to come together. The ironic implication of the title is that an extra day of the week is necessary for lovers in the modern times of Poland.

Poland's Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka saw implications in the film and requested that it be withdrawn from showing at last year's Cannes Film Festival, and the Polish Government again protested strongly when the German language version of the movie (it was shot simultaneously in Polish and German) was presented at Venice.

It is in the midst of a pervading atmosphere of spiritlessness that the lovers build their own hopes, resting them not on blueprints of the future, but on each other. The physical communion is what they long for, and in search of this, through the city landscape of Warsaw, they have adventures and misadventures that are sometimes poignant, sometimes funny, and sometimes shocking. Before the boy gets girl she has first been shabbily seduced by a journalist; and before they get their symbolic wedding night they first have a wedding fantasy in a department store display, into which they have wandered by mistake. This bit of fantasy provides the weakest moment in the film, deserting, as it does, its mood of realism.

It is the realism, and sharply human detail that save the film from the banality that a story of this kind would seem to indicate. Mr. Ford's direction of his own and Marek Hlasko's screenplay is clear and effective. And there is first-rate playing by the principals, Sonja Ziemann (a German actress) and Zbigniew Cybulski (who probably can't expect jobs in Hollywood until he does something about his name). Mr. Hlasko's novel, on which the film is based, has already appeared here under the same title. Mr. Hlasko, himself, will be here shortly, his intention not to return to Poland already well publicized.

The version shown here is in the German language, and because of the various political and economic complexities surrounding its production, will be shown in only two other countries—Canada and West Germany. The Polish Government has managed to intervene and force cancellation of contracts in all other countries. When an unpretentious, artfully made movie about a boy and girl in love can cause all this international fuss it probably says, more than anything else, something about the power of the medium. In other words, watch how you point that camera, comrade!

THE Daiei Company, a Japanese film firm that sent us "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell," is responsible for **"The Mistress,"** being presented here by Edward Harrison.

It may not be the equal of the three or four best Japanese movies we have seen here, but it is nevertheless touching, beautifully photographed (in black and white) and—now that we have had the chance to grow accustomed to Japanese acting styles—exceedingly well performed. There is a special pleasure, alone, in watching the subtle technique of Hideko Takamine (considered, I understand, the leading young actress in Japan) as she, with what appears to be a beguiling simplicity, mirrors a range of delicate emotions. She is seen as a turn-of-the-century young woman who, through circumstances not entirely her own fault, becomes the mistress of a wealthy money lender. She then has several mishaps of the kind that classically befall mistresses in fiction. She is snubbed by poorer and harder working women, is harassed by the money lender's wife, beset by guilt and worst of all, she falls in love with a poor but talented student for whom she can only yearn and pine away. If there are occasional contrivances and moments of naïveté in the plot, Shiro Toyoda's direction provides more than enough in the way of charms and graces. Mr. Harrison is to be complimented on bringing in another unusual and worthwhile movie from abroad.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

"The Method's" Mouth

ROBERT LEWIS's "Method—or Madness?" (Samuel French, $3) is the most important new book on theatre technique in many years. Written as the transcript of a series of lectures, the book reveals how most actors use some sort of method, even if they profess not to. Then it takes the chart of the Stanislavski system with its complex divisions and subdivisions and goes through it in such a way as to show us that it is simpler than it looks, and more sensible than some misconceivers make it. At the same time Mr. Lewis never allows us to feel that his simple discussion is in any way a satisfactory substitute for the sort of understanding that can come only from practical acting work and study. It is a guide book not a source book. The latter portion of the book is devoted to discussing present attitudes toward the Method, and showing out of Mr. Lewis's own experience as a Broadway director the range of its practical usefulness. Finally he outlines a rehearsal procedure that he considers one normal way to arrive at the results of "the full inside and the formed outside," which so often in today's theatre, seems either not to match or to be all one and none of the other.

The most controversial part of "Method—or Madness?" is its title and the inferences it draws about the Method's violent enemies and violent friends. Although Mr. Lewis may not intend to suggest that the latter can be identified as any one sect, "the Method" has become identified in the public's mind with the Actors Studio and its active teacher, Lee Strasberg. And indeed this identification is not entirely illogical for it was Mr. Strasberg who conducted the first experimental classes in the use of Stanislavski's principles during the early days of the Group Theatre, and who coined the term "Method" to use in place of Stanislavski's original word "system."

" 'System' seemed to me to suggest that there was a clearly defined way of telling an actor how to act in every situation," explains Mr. Strasberg. "Actually nothing in Stanislavski tells him what to do. It only tells him how he may go about finding what to do, and what he finds to do may differ from actor to actor. Therefore I used the term 'method' because to me it seemed a better description of what is a creative rather than an imitative process."

Because for thirty years he has taught "the Method" in his own ever changing way, Mr. Strasberg might be expected to reject Mr. Lewis's book. But strangely enough he is recommending it to all intelligent people who want to read about "the Method."

He says, "We have needed a book like this for a long time. It is witty and entertaining, and at the same time it is based solidly on the personal experiences of a director who has used 'the Method' in both realistic and nonrealistic plays and even in musical comedies, and operas."

His enthusiasm for the book makes Mr. Strasberg hesitant about finding fault with it. And this is particularly so since the author has carefully avoided being dogmatic and has warned his readers that "Method—or Madness?" is not to be used as a technical handbook. Nevertheless, the book has caused Mr. Strasberg to think deeply about "the Method" as it is being used in the current American Theatre.

"Because of the Actors Studio and the increasing number of fine young actors who use 'the Method,' people who know less about it than Mr. Lewis tend to blame any unsuccessful use of it in a production on the Studio," explains Mr. Strasberg. "But at the Studio as in any other place which teaches acting, there are actors and directors with individual failings that derive from insufficient training. If these failings are seen in a show, some will say, 'the Actors Studio is ruining the theatre.' But these failings are not to be solved by discarding 'the Method' or by a better explanation of Stanislavski's writing. They can only be solved by more training."

It is Mr. Strasberg's fear that some of the statements in "Method—or Madness?" may lead to further confusion on this point that causes him to add the following clarification:

"As in almost everything written about 'the Method,' this book does not differentiate clearly enough between the actor's work on himself (training), and the actor's work on a role (performance). In music these things are better understood. We separate the technique of the artist and his interpretation of a piece of music. But in the theatre when we do not like an interpretation we tend to call it bad acting, or misuse of 'the Method.' Now for me, good acting or proper use of the method in training is the development of the actor's ability to know and use his instrument. But in production he may use his instrument well, and yet fail to produce the result the director wishes in his interpretation of the play. Mr. Lewis's book suggests that this may be attributed to over-zealousness about 'the Method.' I do not believe this to be so. For the corollary to this would be to assume that it doesn't matter how well one plays as long as it is the right idea. No craft would accept such a conclusion. The purpose of the actor's training in 'the Method' is to give him more control over his resources so that he is able to carry out the director's intentions fully and truthfully. The actor's lack of such control cannot be blamed on too much 'Method' training, only on too little."

Mr. Strasberg doesn't feel that the book's confusion on this point should be considered in any way a condemnation of "Method—or Madness?" In fact he feels that Mr. Lewis has been more successful than was Stanislavski in his books on "the System," which he does not recommend to the beginning actor.

"If a young actor came to me today and asked me which books on 'the Method' to read, I would advise him to begin with 'Method—or Madness?' then Boleslavsky's 'Acting. The First Six Lessons' and Gorchakov's 'Stanislavsky Directs.' "

For those of us who know how difficult it is to get the pragmatic Mr. Strasberg to make a dogmatic statement, this would seem highest praise for a highly readable book.

AS a dramatic subject, Daniel has an advantage over Job. While both are men of extreme faith, Daniel faced a test devised not by an omnipotent God, but by malicious mortal enemies. And when he is saved from being eaten by the lions and his enemies are destroyed in his place, there is that joyous satisfaction that is the basis of all musical comedy, the simple miraculous triumph of good over evil.

Thus, **"The Play of Daniel,"** a Twelfth Century musical drama performed with purity and with skill by the New York Pro Musica, becomes more than a museum piece. The richly costumed episodes may resemble a series of mysterious old tapestries. But between each one, W. H. Auden has written narration, which Alvin Epstein expounds to us with such fervor, that at the play's final lovely song he and we seem to weep with joy.

—HENRY HEWES.

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A Light in the Sky

ANNOUNCEMENT has just been made that, following a gift from the Annenberg Fund, a school of communications will be established at the University of Pennsylvania.

For the first time—and this is what gives significance to the event—*all* of these requirements are met:

1. A big, traditional, Eastern university
2. An adequate endowment
3. A separate school

and, most important of all, at the right time. Those who, like myself, have been urging their own colleges to establish at least a chair in this field can be grateful to the academic pedantry that defeated us. Because this school is coming into existence at a time when the major problems of communication, always urgent, have defined themselves and a faculty, coming together in a new field, will not have to waste time on inessentials.

Among inessentials I emphatically do *not* list the techniques of broadcasting, the movies, and the other mass arts. There have been composers, some of them of the first order, who have not known the capacities of all the instruments of their orchestras, but none, I think, unable to play their scales. The complexities of lights, lenses, and the processes of the control room or editing are the basic grammar of television and the movies. A good school should teach them if only to show how they can be ignored without disaster.

In a recent contribution to this department, Hubbell Robinson, Jr., who is in charge of network programs for CBS-TV, provided a checklist for those who would like television to offer something more than "Westerns . . . as like as peas in a pod . . . family comedies devoid of bite and invention . . . crime series with all white heroes and all black villains . . ." and the rest.

HE wisely noted that we will not get better programs merely by scoffing at the forms now in use, he asked for fresh substance and concepts, and he added:

"The direction (must be) truly creative and the production one which can hold its head up in comparison with the best of its kind in all the entertainment arts." There are, in my opinion, some deliberately bad intentions in making TV programs, but they will not be defeated or displaced by good intentions alone. Good techniques and a respect for the communication process are also required.

The function of a university is not primarily to teach its students how to create excellence, it is to help them recognize and define excellence so that they will find it relevant to their own lives and, if they are creative, will want to offer it to others. So far as communications deals with the mass arts, this means that a school must help to create a new kind of man who might be called a responsible aesthete. The very name of a school of communications indicates that it is concerned with the matrix of society and that its closest neighbors around the campus are the school of art and the department of sociology.

It is in this sense that the problems of communications have defined themselves—they are no longer private, but public. It is a grim thought, but it has to be faced, that we can't afford to laugh at the wrong things, that quite possibly we can't afford to be too often diverted. We become more and more aware of what entertainment (once called "pure") can do to us. We all lose a portion of freedom when we join a network and need trained and thoughtful people to help us remain capable of independent thinking and action.

SO part of the function of a school of communications is indirectly to create new audiences. I note that at the University of Pennsylvania, emphasis will be primarily, but not exclusively, on postgraduate work, which means that a center of diffusion will be established from which smaller colleges will eventually benefit. It could mean that lower schools also may have preparatory courses in the same area.

The Annenberg name is connected with both the press and television and the augury is a good one because we are in the critical stage of the shift between print and electronics as the prime medium of disseminating information, carrying on debate, and providing diversion. A revolution is taking place and, for the first time in history, enough people are aware of it to control the direction it will take. Awareness, so far, has been corrupted by prejudice and self-interest. We need dispassionate observation. We need more and more people who are aware, disinterested, and moved to informed action.

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Success for the school in Philadelphia will be measured at first by the creation of similar schools elsewhere. It will be measured eventually by the effect all the schools—those already in existence and those still to come—will have on people. For a school in this field cannot be satisfied to beget the "fugitive and cloistered virtue" Milton condemned when he was discussing communications in his time. It must lead to people acting more wisely because of what they have learned.

For the moment, it is heartening to see a new light burning in the sky.

—GILBERT SELDES.

Listen, Money

MONEY is always talking on television and radio: it is the "secret ingredient" of every sponsored program. I find it refreshing to learn that money, in broadcasting, can also listen, and when analphabets in Caracas start learning to read, as one outcome of listening money activity, the phenomenon is worth talking about. The Broadcasting Foundation of America is a "nonprofit educational organization in the field of international education by radio and television." It was set up six years ago by a group of veteran educational broadcasters. They were impressed by the fact that, in the general bombast battle among the transmitting nations along Propaganda Row, the USA resembled a garrulous pitchman who never cupped an ear to catch what anybody else might be saying. The money for BFA came mostly from Ford and Rockefeller.

In April, 1958, BFA set up a tape duplication center, on Madison Avenue, in New York. The foundation had built up a list of "clients," consisting of at least one radio station in all major American cities, which agreed to air the taped copies of programs expressly originated by foreign nations for our attention. The initial imports are beginning to flow in, mostly music developments in the arts, and weekly press reviews. The analphabets (illiterates) in Caracas were an unexpected fruit of BFA's melioristic listening posture. Their appearance on this scene was midwifed by another money-talking outfit, the Creole Foundation, set up recently by the Creole Petroleum Corporation.

Joseph E. Slater (now with the Ford Foundation), when he was a member of the Creole Foundation staff, recommended that a grant to use television in education in Venezuela would be money talking wisely. Five-hundred thousand children between the ages of seven and fourteen there, are not even in school. Of the half-million who do attend, 300,000 are in the first three grades, where 61 per cent of the teachers never had any training beyond their own sixth grade in primary school. The Creole Foundation looked around for some agency in the U.S., which could take its $79,000, go down to Caracas, and show the Venezuelans how TV could help get more quality out of their present teachers more quickly.

BFA, in less than a year, has sent John R. Winnie, an education TV expert from the University of Iowa, to advise the Ministry of Education, in Venezuela. It has dispatched TV teaching equipment to Caracas, helped organize a two-week TV teaching demonstration on the government radio station, and brought Venezuelan Ministry of Education representatives to tour the United States, observing what TV is doing in this country in education. At present, government changes due to political upheavals notwithstanding, the Ministry is discussing the appropriation of $300,000 of its own money for an intensive program envisioned as a consequence of the BFA seeding. Meanwhile, a Christmas Eve cable to BFA, in New York, from Caracas, announced that early in January, the Ministry planned to begin a program series on TV designed to teach some of Venezuela's analphabets how to read.

ONE would find it difficult to uncover United States business money listening, talking and acting more constructively. When 60 per cent of all eighteen-year-olds go on to college in the state of California, for example: and less than 1 per cent of the same group are college-bound in Venezuela: and when 67 per cent of Venezuela's population, according to BFA, is illiterate—you have a typical precarious imbalance in educational curves between the United States and Latin America, a breeder in geometric progression, of anger, frustration and hostility. An organization in Colombia has queried BFA if it will do the same educational TV job there, provided the Colombians can raise the capital. A handful of Latin American nations tearing holes in their educational barriers via TV would quickly become way-showers to all the others. UNESCO has been talking about this kind of broadcasting for years, and hasn't done much about it, because UNESCO has never been blessed with much "doing money." The possibilities are exhilirating, and international TV, via satellite stations, they tell us, is coming swiftly. Is any other U.S. business money listening?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Mahler by Barbirolli—Paray, "Vanessa," Edelmann

IN A panorama of performances of Mahler symphonies beginning with the first conducted by the composer himself with the Budapest Philharmonic in 1889, the latest version of No. 1 by Sir John Barbirolli with the New York Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall may not convey any significance beyond the consideration of value in the effort itself. But it raises the question whether any Mahler symphony has ever been conducted by an English musician (other than Barbirolli), and suggests the answer that this music is gradually penetrating the sympathies of some (such as as Leonard Bernstein) other than the Central European musicians who grew up with it.

It was illuminating, also, to observe how it fared when subjected to a musician of general culture rather than the specialized sort usually active on its behalf. On the whole, an essential design and purpose persisted that was no different than, say, a work of late Schubert or the early Schoenberg. Nevertheless, the personality of the intermediary cast a shadow. In the Barbirolli treatment of the Mahler No. 1, rhythms were more square cut, the melodic lines were more rigid, and the dynamics were more sharply defined than in some versions to which we have become accustomed. The results, however, were creditable to the basic musical values in the score, which asserted a vitality beyond the need for special pleading.

There was also unusual pleasure in John Corrigliano's playing of the Walton concerto for violin at the Sunday matinee. This is a work brought into existence through the instigation of Jascha Heifetz, and thus may be regarded as very far out, where instrumental difficulties are concerned. But it has become, in not much more than a score of years, the province of an orchestral concertmaster, though a specially adept one. In measuring himself against a major challenge for the instrument's premier performer, Corrigliano showed a finely sonorous tone, resourceful fingers and bow arm, and a strong sense of the lyric sentiment that Walton made so much of in this work. There were some missed passages here and there (Corrigliano utilized a music stand and score) but many more beautifully played. Barbirolli's treatment of the orchestral score attested anew to his exceptional competence in this kind of teamwork.

WHEN Paul Paray was last heard conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, he had the conductor's business arm—the right—in a sling. It wouldn't be accurate to say that there were sinister overtones in this deftness with the left, for his recent appearance as guest in Carnegie Hall with the same orchestra (and with both arms available) if not quite twice as good, was musicmaking of pith, point and understanding.

Paray did not favor himself by arranging an evening that built down, so to speak, from Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" to Dukas's "La Peri" before a concluding group of Wagner. Much of the interest was concentrated in the pre-intermission performance of the "Fantastique," which had a kind of chamber-music reverie in the first movement leading by measured steps to the controlled frenzy of the "Witches Sabbath." The one discrepancy in an otherwise carefully organized plan was Paray's rather reckless use of the spurs on this high spirited ensemble in some climaxes, especially as he was firm with the halter in other, less demonstrative passages. The playing of "La Peri" was kind to its good pages, less flattering to those in which Dukas was echoing—if unconsciously—some then-contemporary cliches of ballet writing. In the Wagner group, the solo strings and woodwinds sang with particular eloquence in the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," and the vibrant brass made a warm delight of the prelude to Act III of "Meistersinger."

LET it be said for Dimitri Mitropolous and the cast of "Vanessa" that the first performance in the Metropolitan this season of Samuel Barber's score was the best to date. Tempi have settled, rough edges have been polished, and all the pieces of the mosaic fit together, permitting one to hear exactly what Barber was about.

The results, however, were toward a consolidation of previous values rather than an alteration of them: respect for his craftsmanship, affection for the charm and tenderness of some of the music. But they did not suggest any depths not previously detected, nor an involvement with the characters beyond their previous appeal. At the end, one was left with the summation as before: an interest in where Barber goes from here, operatically, rather than where he has been. (The first two acts are now being played with only a brief pause, separating them, with a gain in continuity.)

Rosalind Elias's excellent Erika is still the most sympathetic thing about "Vanessa," followed by Giorgio Tozzi's Doctor and the Anatole of Nicolai Gedda. Eleanor Steber has, clearly, invested considerable time in improving her command of the intricately written part of Vanessa, with notable results in Act II. The skating song, for example, is now in her voice for the first time, and makes its proper impression. But her enunciation of the English text is still imperfect; her first act depiction of Vanessa was stiff and unconvincing, despite whatever purposes of contrast it serves to the character's later development. Cecil Beaton's decor merits an encore of the praise it won originally.

TO JUDGE from the many fine performances Otto Edelmann has given at the Metropolitan and elsewhere of such Wagnerian roles as Sachs, Wotan, and Gurnemanz, a song recital by him would be something to remember. His recent first effort in Town Hall merited the description, but not in a way flattering to Edelmann's repute.

This has little to do with the traditional conflict of interests that makes recital singing a hazardous undertaking for operatic singers except after substantial indoctrination. It has more to do with Edelmann's failure to master the vocal problems in such songs as Schubert's "Kreuzzug" and "Wanderer an den Mond," or Loewe's "Der Noeck" or "Die Uhr." The prevailing inclination to drag his tones from one pitch to another by the portamento route resulted in more than a few that didn't reach their destination, and others that were as much *parlando* as *cantando*. Paradoxically, the vocal quality itself was frequently of the warm, pliant suppleness associated with Edelmann's operatic endeavors, but the discipline was sorely lax.

As an interpreter, Edelmann was earnest rather than expressive, seeming to follow ideas imparted by coaching rather than projecting a conception of his own. He had the most success, in this portion of the program, with the drama of "Erlkoenig" or Loewe's "Prinz Eugen," where declamation may take the place of a sustained line. But even so, in the latter, the last measures were given falsetto rather than in the appropriately shaded mezzo voce, Jan Behr performed capably at the piano.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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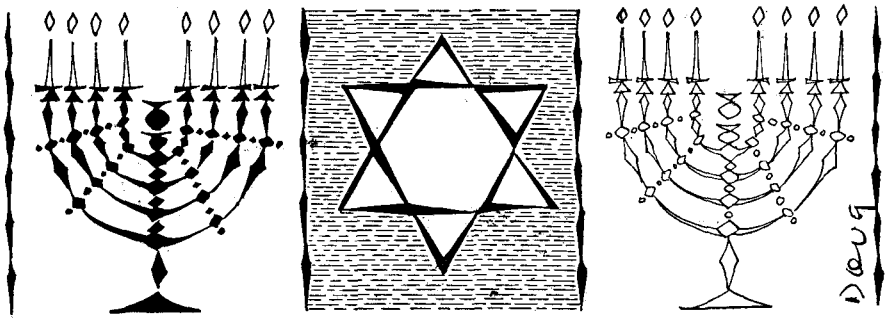

With His Spirit a State Was Born

"Theodore Herzl: Founder of Political Zionism," by Israel Cohen *(Yoseloff. 399 pp. $5.95), illuminates the character of the man who was initially responsible for the creation of the Jewish state. Reviewer Gabriel B. Schonfeld is educational director of Beth El Synagogue in New Rochelle, N. Y.*

By Gabriel B. Schonfeld

HERE is a work of outstanding scholarship about an extraordinary man who had a dream. His name was Theodore Herzl, and his dream the establishment of an independent Jewish state. Now that that diminutive but vigorous country, the State of Israel, which was originally envisioned by him, is beginning the second decade of its existence, it is becoming increasingly important to know more about Herzl, its spiritual founder.

Israel Cohen, who served as secretary of the World Zionist Organization, and who has the added qualification of having had a personal acquaintance with Herzl and his closest associates, has written what will probably become Herzl's definitive biography. Through a careful study of Herzl's correspondence, speeches, essays, and books (and realizing the momentous nature of his undertakings, Herzl also kept voluminous diaries) Mr. Cohen has produced an exciting and well-documented chronological account of the man who virtually willed the creation of a Jewish state, and established the international organization which brought it into being.

Theodore Herzl was variously a lawyer, a distinguished journalist, a writer of light comedies, a novelist, a pamphleteer, a statesman, a diplomat, and, above all, a visionary. During his early years as a journalist he displayed no special interest in Jewish affairs, for he was an assimilated Jew; that is, one who believed in general cultural values as opposed to the circumscribed outlook that characterized the East European ghettoized Jew. In fact, his early formal Jewish education was meager even by average standards of his day. Nevertheless, as a sensitive individual he recoiled from succeeding anti-Semitic attacks with a mounting sense of shock. And as he matured he became increasingly aware of the anti-Jewish depredations then rampant in East Europe. When he covered the Dreyfus trial as a correspondent for the *Neue Freie Presse*, then one of Vienna's most important liberal dailies, he reached the boiling point.

He quickly realized that it was not Dreyfus the army officer who was on trial; it was rather Dreyfus the Jew. He was shaken. From that moment Herzl the spectator became Herzl the man of action. He was determined to find and work for a realistic and lasting solution to the Jewish question.

In his pamphlet "The Jewish State," which he drafted shortly after the Dreyfus affair during the summer of 1895, he promulgated the notion, strongly disputed in many quarters, that so long as the Jew lived as an alien in foreign lands he was at the mercy of his current country's political vicissitudes, and had no guaranteed rights or truly equal status. The only solution he could see to this problem, which repeatedly manifested itself throughout nearly 2,000 years of dispersion, lay in the creation of a "publicly secured [and] legally assured home for the Jewish people in Palestine."

Publication of "The Jewish State" on February 14, 1896, wrought a veritable revolution among Jews everywhere. While there was considerable opposition to many of his ideas, political Zionism was definitely born. It marked the rallying point for the masses of Russian Jews who for the first time saw a concrete opportunity to recreate the wretched lives they were compelled to live under the oppressive czars.

Herzl was not the first to conceive of this idea: shortly before his time the concept of a Jewish state gained momentum in the writings of Zvi Hirsch Kalischer, Moses Hess, and Leo Pinsker, and since the destruction of the Second Temple Jews everywhere prayed daily for the ultimate return to Jerusalem. Yet he was the only one actually to devote all his energies to its practical realization.

Working feverishly during the few remaining years of his life, he convened the World Zionist Congress (which until this day has been the central policy-making organization of the Zionist movement), had audiences with the Sultan of Turkey, the Kaiser of Germany, the King of Italy, the Pope, cabinet ministers of England, Austria, and even czarist Russia, in a gigantic effort to secure Palestine as a Jewish national state. The true importance of this giant figure of a man was that by his singleness of purpose he literally willed the idea of a Jewish state into being, and gave it the impetus for ultimate fulfillment.

HIS death on July 3, 1904, at the age of forty-four, was an occasion of deep mourning for world Jewry. This reviewer's father, then a theological student at the nearby Pressburger Yeshiva, vividly recalls his sorrowful journey to Vienna to attend the funeral of this great Jewish leader. He remembers well the throngs of tearful co-religionists who jammed that city to pay final homage to Herzl. And he has never forgotten how at the interment the mourners spontaneously recited from the psalm, "If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; let my tongue cleave to my palate if I should not remember thee."

There is no doubt about it, Herzl was the initiator. What followed would not likely have happened without the firm foundations he laid, and the organization and inspiration he left behind. What he set into motion made it possible for his distinguished followers, especially Chaim Weitzmann and David Ben-Gurion, to carry forward their important and indispensable work.

Israel Cohen has written a moving book about a striking man, one which also gives a comprehensive and sympathetic insight into the beginnings of an important contemporary historical event.

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Of the Prophets and the People

"Ben-Gurion: The Biography of an Extraordinary Man," by Robert St. John *(Doubleday 336 pp. $3.95), captures in a series of verbal snapshots the vivid personality of Israel's Premier. Meyer Levin, who has recently returned to Israel to finish a novel, appraises the chiaroscuro.*

By Meyer Levin

AMONG the world's most familiar images is that of a chunky old man in an open-neck shirt, with an aureole of upstanding white hair. To this universally recognized image of Israel's Premier, David Ben-Gurion, biographer Robert St. John has added a whole album of snapshots.

There is the fifteen-year-old boy orator from Plonsk, David Green, captivating a Zionist audience at a Warsaw conference nearly sixty years ago. There is the young pioneer in Turkish Palestine, turning black furrows as he plods after a bullock, a laborer in the isolated colony of Sejera, near the Sea of Tiberius. There is the mounted young watchman, among the first to organize a Jewish self-defense group in Palestine.

We see him soon afterward, called to Jerusalem to become the editor, for $2.25 a week, of *Unity*, a Socialist Zionist journal published in Hebrew with a circulation of 350 copies. Later, in Constantinople, we see him wearing a fez, a frock coat, a black tie, and a mustache. He is a law student, a classmate of another Palestinian pioneer, Itzhak Ben-Zvi, who was to become President of Israel, and of Moshe Shertok (later Sharrett), who was for a brief span to replace him as Premier.

Then David is in New York, in an obscure rooming house, an emissary to American Zionists. There he meets his bride, a nurse named Paula Monweis, daughter of a labor leader. She is to become a celebrated character in her own right one day in Israel for such stunts as chasing noisy children down the street with a broom when they disturb the Premier's nap.

Toward the end of the First World War, having campaigned energetically for a Jewish unit in the British army, Ben-Gurion appears in Palestine as a corporal, only to be demoted for going AWOL for twenty-four hours to attend a conference with Chaim Weitzmann, whom he is years later to name the first President of Israel.

During these years he is a labor leader, politician, journalist—not the sort who covers wars but one who writes fiery think pieces. (When an American admitted making a factual error in the haste of catching a deadline, journalist Ben-Gurion innocently asked why he couldn't have waited for the next day, and been accurate.)

It is only after the age of fifty that Ben-Gurion comes into full character. In England during the Second World War he began to haunt the libraries and bookshops, studying the history of the Empire. Convinced that territories under British rule won freedom only by fighting for it, he calmly set out to learn Greek so as to read Thucydides on military strategy.

Thus began a program of study that continues to this day. When well past sixty, he started on Spanish. Needing only five hours of sleep, Ben-Gurion reads enormously, far into each night. A rather introverted, lonely man, as pictured by St. John, he tends to sneak off to his books at every possible interval.

From languages he went to philosophy, becoming immersed in the Orientals and the mystics. It was perhaps this capacity for detachment that enabled him to keep a move ahead in the dreadful chess game of Jewish statehood. Whenever a goal seemed attained it was Ben-Gurion who always said, "Good. But . . ."

If capable of objectivity, he is anything but cold, anything but uninvolved. Ben-Gurion has the deepest empathy with every soldier, every immigrant, every parent in the struggle for Israel. Only a Lincoln could have written the letters St. John quotes, the famous Tubiansky letter to clear the name of a man mistakenly executed as a traitor, or the commiserating letter to the mother of the demented boy who hurled a bomb onto the platform of Israel's parliament, the Knesset, wounding Ben-Gurion among others.

But Ben-Gurion is too modest to accept a comparison with Lincoln. There are, of course, countless legends of his modesty, of the simplicity of his household, where world-famous guests

(*Continued on page* 36)

YLLA STALKED WILDLIFE with her camera as tenaciously as any hunter in search of big game. It was on a trip to the interior of India that she was killed in a fall from a speeding jeep. But the photographs collected in **"Animals in India"** (Harper, $10) are witness to her mastery of her craft. Ylla preferred always to picture animals in their own surroundings as in the photographs above of a ferocious, if somewhat wary tiger and a tailless hoolock gibbon.

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

concerned with the Government's futile efforts to dislodge them, and the parallel attempts of a group of gangsters to take over their property. Needless to say, the evil ones are foiled by Toby's bungling honesty and towering strength. In the end the only revenge the Government can think of is to impose a whole mass of taxes on their hard-won property. There are, to be fair, moments of brisk low comedy, but they occur only when the lesson has been put aside in favor of good-natured horseplay.

—Nathaniel Benchley.

BOUNDER IN BELGIUM: Pamela Hansford Johnson's latest novel, **"The Unspeakable Skipton"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), falls somewhat short of the standard that this excellent writer has set for herself. In spite of a number of literary virtues, among which are keen observation and an iridescent style, the story subsides too readily into a succession of anecdotes whose sum makes rather thin reading. Daniel Skipton, Miss Johnson's hero (to employ the term loosely), is villainous enough for three, being wily, self-indulgent, lubricous, arrogant, and dishonest, but it takes, it seems, more than one bounder to make a book. Miss Johnson has described the *mise en scène,* Bruges, and its surroundings, in prose that translates Van Eyk's landscapes into speech and yet her central character lacks a setting. He is too dull a jewel to shine alone.

Daniel Skipton, a talented writer, fifty years old and broke, lives in a Bruges boardinghouse, attempting to maintain life and to satisfy a taste for the finer things on a meager remittance from a relative in England, intermittent loans from his publisher, and a papal title (good for an occasional dinner). Since artists of his caliber come expensive Skipton is not above palming off fake old masters on the gullible, pimping for the tourist trade, and indulging in a bit of harmless, necessary blackmail.

Miss Johnson can describe an obscene spectacle got up for the trippers in such holiday and ladylike terms as might grace an account of a Sunday school fête. The effect is superbly funny.

But agreeable as all this is, it is insufficient—all the more so because Miss Johnson can and does write a whole novel when she chooses, as readers of "Catherine Carter" and "The Sea and the Wedding" are well aware. It would seem that contempt for her protagonist (and nobody deserves it more) has caused her to truncate her novel. She regales her readers with a limb here, a limb there, a glimpse of a face, sharing, perhaps, with Skipton an interest in the horrid doom of François Ravaillac, torn for the assassination of Henry IV.

Like Ravaillac, Skipton comes to no good, although his victims get off with comparatively whole skins. None of them are as badly fleeced as Skipton would have them. But with them the reader's interest flags. They are waxworks, incapable of their own distress. The rout of Skipton is a triumph for the opposition, but it is a triumph of scarecrows.

—Martha Bacon.

DILEMMA IN DIXIE: "The Negroes were moving like a dark clot among the rushing stream of white children. The town was quiet. People lined the streets, eyes were focused like telescopes, but it was quiet; only a soft murmuring disturbed the morning air." Thus, in lean, muscular prose, Charles Beaumont's first novel, **"The Intruder"** (Putnam, $8.95), describes the arrival of twelve Negro pupils at the high school in Caxton, a Deep South town whose leaders have agreed to put integration to the test. The experiment holds promise until Adam Cramer, a Yankee university student bedeviled by a professor's Fascist rantings, leaves the campus to assault Caxton with inflammatory lies, insinuation, and the standard verbal arsenal of the segregationist rabble rouser. The results are plausible and terrifying. But Cramer's techniques ultimately backfire, and he discovers that he's a tool instead of a leader. His downfall is assisted by a brave (but hardly crusading) newspaper editor and by a wily confidence man who tells him, "You can sell people something they don't need, but you can't sell them something they don't want, leastways, you can't keep on selling it to 'em."

"The Intruder" is a deftly written story with a plot that moves from crisis to crisis with the ominous terror of a Ku Klux Klan procession. But in portraying the South's segregationists as tobacco-chewing nobodies and weak-willed, brainless gentry whose dying cause gives temporary meaning to vacant lives, Mr. Beaumont's analysis becomes shallow and misleading; it never quite digs into the bedrock of honest bewilderment and torment in today's changing South. The novel is, however, memorably convincing in its insistence that integration cannot finally be accomplished by courts or school boards alone, but must be painfully worked out by dedicated individuals who are willing to take enormous risks. —James F. Fixx.

Chess Corner—7

CLAMOR for a match between Soviet world champion, Mikhail Botvinnik, and Western hemisphere titleholder, Samuel Reshevsky, has deepened since Botvinnik's refusal to concede a postponement in their proposed game at Munich. Supporters of the American star recall his 2½-1½ drubbing administered to the Russian ace three years ago at Moscow, and feel this last opportunity was a deliberate bit of sidestepping.

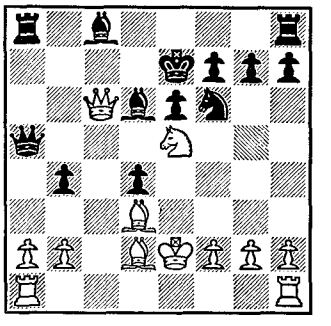
Be that as it may, the chance of a protracted match between these stalwarts is practically nil. In days of old, when a capitalist was chess champion of the world, he could be tempted into a match for a handsome purse. Now even a king's ransom will not budge Botvinnik. His title really belongs to the state, and this King of Chess is merely a Pawn in its maneuvers.

Below follows the deciding game of the set-to in Moscow in 1955.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED

	S. Reshevsky White		M. Botvinnik Black	
1	P-Q4	P-K3	9 P-K4	P-B4
2	P-QB4	P-Q4	10 P-K5	PxP
3	N-QB3	P-QB3	11 NxNP	NxP
4	P-K3	N-B3	12 NxN	PxN
5	N-B3	QN-Q2	13 Q-B3	Q-R4ch
6	B-Q3	PxP	14 K-K2	B-Q3
7	BxBP	P-QN4	15 Q-B6ch	K-K2
8	B-Q3	P-QR3	16 B-Q2	P-N5

BOTVINNIK



RESHEVSKY

17	QxBch	KxQ	29	P-R5	R/1-B3
18	N-B4ch	K-Q2	30	K-K2	R-Q3
19	NxQ	RxN	31	K-K1	N-B2
20	KR-QB1	B-R3	32	RxRch	KxR
21	BxB	RxB	33	B-B3	P-B3
22	R-B4	N-Q4	34	R-QR1	N-R3
23	RxQP	R-QN1	35	R-R3	K-B2
24	K-Q3	P-R4	36	RxP	N-B4
25	K-B4	P-N6	37	R-N5	N-R5
26	P-QR4	R-B3ch	38	B-Q4	P-K4
27	K-Q3	R-B7	39	K-Q1	R-B5
28	R-QN1	R/1-QB1	40	B-K3	K-B3
	41	R-N8	Resigns*		

* Game was adjourned here. Botvinnik resigned before resumption of play.

—Al Horowitz.
Three-time U.S. Open Chess Champion

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To Discover Something Ancestral in Ourselves

*In **"The Flame and the Light: Meanings in Vedanta and Buddhism"** (Abelard-Schuman. 232 pp. $5), the English poet and literary critic Hugh l'Anson Fausset tells of his search for spiritual meaning in his personal life, a quest that led him back to the ancient religious sources of India. Nancy Wilson Ross, who comments on the work, is the author of "The Return of Lady Brace," which concerns a Buddhist monk transplanted from Ceylon to Long Island. She has lived and traveled widely in Asia and is an authority on Eastern philosophy and art.*

By NANCY WILSON ROSS

"THE Flame and the Light" is a record of searching and discovery in the field of religious experience written in dignified and lucid prose by Hugh l'Anson Fausset. In handling a topic as difficult as his subtitle, "Meanings in Vedanta and Buddhism," suggests, Mr. Fausset has managed to avoid the two fatal categories into which books of this nature so often fall: the pedantic and ponderous, or the chatty and superficial. "The Flame and the Light" is a graceful blending of the scholarly and the personal.

At the outset the author states his belief that an individual testament of quest in the realm of "spiritual realities" should be of particular significance today when Western man, caught up in ever more frantic outward activity, longs increasingly for "an inner direction."

In Mr. Fausset's opinion, the ancient religious masters of the Far East, who lived when the "spiritual sky was clearer, have much to teach us, Westerners though we be, bred and reared in another tradition and another spiritual climate." He has undertaken to review the great teachings first developed in Vedic times, and his studies continue through the later schools of Buddhism, down to, and including, Zen. He sees in them all "a single revelation renewing itself through the centuries in a wealth of varying insights."

Mr. Fausset grew up in a vicarage on the borders of Yorkshire in Northern England. As a young man, he tells us, he made the discovery that his particular "spiritual home" was neither in the orthodox Christian world in which he was raised, nor in the Classical Humanism in which he was later educated at Cambridge. Though never in active revolt against Christianity as one of several world faiths, he was never able to accept its claim to "exclusive truth":

> That the Truth should manifest variously and with more or less significance through different races and people was to be expected and also that the focus of its expression should shift as human consciousness evolved in time. But I could not admit that at any historical moment this process should have reached finality or that early revelations were superseded or wholly absorbed in later ones. Each, it seemed to me, corresponded with certain recurrent needs and insights of the human soul as it grew, and each could bring the kind of illumination most apt and necessary to some pilgrim on the way.

Mr. Fausset's own entrance into the world of Eastern metaphysics came by way of a book sent him for review. It was called "The Dream of Ravan, a Mystery," and consisted of passages from the Indian epic, the Ramayana, with an accompanying interpretation of the mystical philosophy underlying this ancient text. Mr. Fausset did not admire the book's style in the least; part of it even seemed tiresomely facetious, and yet he says as he read he found himself for the first time in a "spiritual atmosphere" in which he was completely at home.

True to his classical education, when faced by this startling discovery, he thought back to Plato's doctrine of "recollection"—the view that education consists in recalling to the pupil's consciousness "what he really knows but has temporarily forgotten." Whatever the explanation, Mr. Fausset realized beyond all doubt that the world

Pick of the Paperbacks

THE SUPREME DOCTRINE. *By Hubert Benoit. Compass.* $1.25. A pyschoanalyst explores the theory of Zen and explains its relevance to our times. According to Dr. Benoit, Zen's lessons of serenity and ultimate harmony are a needed balm to the anxieties and neuroses of modern man.

STUDIES IN JUDAISM. *By Solomon Schecter. Meridian.* $1.45. These essays about the belief and practice of Judaism were written some fifty years ago by an eminent scholar and philosopher. Among the most cogent pieces are those interpolating Judaic concepts of divine retribution, sainthood, and the especially perceptive essay on the enigma of Chassidism.

FINNEGANS WAKE. *By James Joyce. Compass.* $2.25. It seems hard to believe that all that ringing, swinging prose, "circumveiloped by obscuritads" though it be, can be pressed into the covers of a paperback book. But here, in portable, back-pocket size is Joyce's language-defying epic.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY IN OUR TIME. *Selected by Hans Meyerhoff. Anchor.* $1.25. An anthology of modern historical thought includes selections from a wide range of philosophers and historians. Croce, Ortega y Gasset, Isaiah Berlin, and Karl Jaspers are among those whose essays redefine the role of history and historians in contemporary terms.

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of India's spiritual philosophy was in no way alien to him: "It was as if previously I had been adapting myself to the creeds and customs of a country which always remained a little foreign to me. Now I had touched again the shore of my native land."

From this passage, and others of a similar nature, it would appear that Mr. Fausset believes in the Asian doctrine of metempsychosis. He indeed speaks of "old souls" and "young souls" and of the order of creative "Rays" to which each human being belongs and through which certain "Masters of Truth" have, down the ages, brought light to mankind. If this vocabulary seems in places to have a Theosophic tinge, Theosophy is plainly not the author's basic orientation. Mr. Fausset is equally at home in the terminology of modern psychology, to which he gives due credit for its efforts to answer contemporary human problems by resolving the conflict between the conscious and the unconscious minds. Psychology, however, in his view, falls short of the goal of fully answering present-day spiritual needs because as a tool it is "insufficiently related to a spiritual order."

Mr. Fausset draws deftly on many sources in the explication of his own individual search for meaning and direction. Kirkegaard, Simone Weil, the existentialists, Claudel, St. Aquinas and St. Paul, Jesus of Nazareth, the two heroes of the Bhagavad-Gita—Arjuna and Krishna—Ouspensky, Jung, Edward Conze, Richard Wilhelm, Charles Péguy, as well as masters of Tao and Zen appear in these pages, invariably presented with ease and clarity as if a searchlight, artfully beamed on a vast and complicated tapestry, had managed to pick up only the highlights of the pattern, revealing the essential recurrent motif without the confusion of excess detail.

To reach his belief in the underlying unity of all religions Mr. Fausset has necessarily had to take a certain "heretical" position on the Christian Savior. Unable from the beginning to accept the claim "that Jesus was the only real mediator between God and man who broke into history at a certain time and absolutely transformed the human situation," his subsequent studies, research, and translation of Eastern scriptures have made it increasingly impossible to alter this view—much as he honors the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, in particular those words, so singularly neglected by organized churches: "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Mr. Fausset moves with thoughtful clarity from his initial Christian iconoclasm into the doctrines of other world teachers, through the basic tenets of Vedanta, through various approaches to Yoga, the "trinitarian" aspects of Hinduism: Vishnu, Shiva, Brahman, down to Siddartha Gautama, the historical figure born 500 years before Jesus of Nazareth who, after his "Enlightenment" became The Buddha, and the spiritual focus for a third of mankind.

In a chapter called "Doing and Knowing" there is a brilliant presentation of the philosophy of the Hindu Bhagavad-Gita, the Lord's song, the noble dialogue between the protagonists Krishna and Arjuna on the psychological and practical problems involved in man's eternal search for verity. In another chapter on "Mindfulness and No-Mind" the author presents the teachings of Buddhism's founder, in whom, as he says, "the mystery flowered in a divine common sense." Here he sets forth the stages in "the practice of Mindfulness" leading to that "clear and single-minded awareness of what actually happens to us and in us," as a noted Buddhist Thera expressed it. In this chapter also the author discusses some of the differences between the two possible roads to spiritual Awakening, or "Wholeness": the "Gradual" as taught in most Eastern schools of religious philosophy and the "Sudden" as emphasized by the Zen branch of Buddhism (now arousing so much interest among young Westerners), which aims to break the bonds of self-centered thought in a single flash of intense illumination.

In conclusion, by way of supporting his central thesis—the necessity of emphasis on the underlying unity of the religious quest, Mr. Fausset quotes from W. B. Yeats a passage he finds particularly meaningful: "[we have to] discover in the East something ancestral in ourselves, something we must bring into the light before we can appease a religious instinct that for the first time in our civilization demands the satisfaction of the whole man." It seems clear that Hugh l'Anson Fausset believes it possible, without the necessity of embracing one of the historical faiths, or an organized church, to fulfill the slowly growing worldwide instinct to "develop the whole man." Perhaps what lends this book its authoritative quality is the fact that Mr. Fausset's knowledge of spiritual experiences has been gained in an interior way, as the inevitable fruit of specific practices and disciplines—and not merely through reading and study alone.

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Nightmare World of a Movie Mogul

"My Ten Years as a Counterspy," by Boris Morros *(Viking. 248 pp. $3.95), summarizes, with the assistance of Charles Samuels, the years during which the Hollywood producer led a triple life.* SR *has asked Don Whitehead, author of "The FBI Story," to consider his account.*

By Don Whitehead

RECENTLY I walked the dark and almost deserted streets of Vienna searching for the address of a Mr. and Mrs. Z who had escaped from the Red terror that gripped their native Hungary.

I found them living in a single, gloomy room on the fourth floor of a decaying old building. The husband was a handsome man nearing sixty, once a successful architect in Budapest. His wife, an artist, was perhaps two or three years younger, and she, too, had a handsome, intelligent face.

They told me how they became classed as "enemies of the State" because they would not conform to Marxist dogma, how a "good friend" denounced them to the secret police, how they were thrown into prison, and how their captors tried to crush their spirit. But, to their own surprise, they found they had within themselves reservoirs of strength they never suspected were there. Their resistance grew in direct ratio to the pressures applied. Their spirit could not be broken in nine long months of torture.

It was very late when I rose to leave. And then Mr. Z said, "The most difficult thing is to make people realize that over there, across the border, lies another world entirely. Believe me, it is a nightmare world."

That night in Vienna I got a glimpse into this "nightmare world" through the eyes of two gentle and intelligent people who had suffered much but whose suffering had made them strong.

The remark made by Mr. Z in Vienna kept occurring to me as I read Boris Morros's story of Soviet espionage in the United States and Europe, and of his own role as a double-agent helping the FBI break up a spy ring.

Morros has raced through his strange narrative in such haste (telling it to writer Charles Samuels) that he has given hardly more than a frantic summary of the years that obviously were filled with danger and adventure. But, despite its shortcomings, the book does open the door for a look into a "nightmare world" that has existed for years in the United States—a world of Communist-inspired espionage and subversion which still seems implausible to a great many people but which is a harsh reality to FBI agents, whose duty it is to combat and expose it.

Boris Morros—plots and intrigues.

Morros, a Russian emigrant who became a well-known Hollywood movie producer, confesses that from the mid-1930s until 1947 he was a member, however reluctant, of a Soviet espionage apparatus headed first by a Russian diplomat named Zubilin and later by an American citizen named Jack Soble. Among Soble's confederates, Morros named Alfred K. Stern, New York financier, and his wife, Martha Dodd Stern, daughter of the United States Ambassador to Germany during the rise of Hitler.

Morros said his reason for cooperating with the apparatus at first was to protect members of his family still living in Russia, and to get his aged father out of Russia and into the United States, which he succeeded in doing. But then came the chilling realization that he was involved so deeply he could not extricate himself—and fear began to mount that he and his family were under FBI surveillance.

On July 14, 1947, Morros walked into the FBI office in Los Angeles to hear an agent say, "We have been waiting for you a long time, Boris. You should have come down here at least a year ago."

And so, Morros says, to atone for the past and to avenge the deaths of two of his brothers killed by the Soviets, he unburdened himself and agreed to become a counterspy.

From that point on, Morros's story is one of plots and intrigues on two continents, of secret codes and messages, of rendezvous with NKVD agents, and of the greed, jealousies, fights, and fears within the apparatus.

The triple life of Boris Morros came to an end in February 1957, when the Department of Justice disclosed his role as a counterspy for the FBI. Soble and his wife, Myra, pleaded guilty to charges of conspiring against the United States, as did Jacob Albam, who was accused with them, and they were sent to prison. The Sterns were indicted on similar charges, but are now living somewhere behind the Iron Curtain.

As Mr. Z said that night in Vienna: "Believe me, it is a nightmare world."

Everyday Espionage

"Hitler's Spies and Saboteurs," by Charles Wighton and Gunter Peis *(Holt. 285 pp. $3.95), is most interesting as a record of the mechanics and miseries of espionage. Our reviewer, Barbara Tuchman, wrote "The Zimmerman Telegram."*

By Barbara Tuchman

AS IS well known, General Wilhelm Canaris, chief of the *Abwehr*, the German Armed Forces Intelligence Service, distinctly lacked sympathy with Hitler. His assistant, General Erwin von Lahousen, chief of the Sabotage Division of the *Abwehr*, whose official diary supplied the framework for this book, shared Canaris's point of view. An Austrian, formerly with the Austrian Secret Service, Lahousen, after his country was swallowed up by the Third Reich, accepted Canaris's invitation to join the *Abwehr* on being assured that it was a German, not a Nazi service—a nice distinction. Canaris was eventually hung by Hitler as a traitor while Lahousen turned state's evidence at the Nürnberg War Crimes trials.

Perhaps it was Canaris's and Lahousen's half-hearted performance of their duties that accounts for the poor showing of the twenty-five secret agents engaged in the eight various adventures—or misadventures—told

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in this book. Of the twenty-five, five succeeded in doing some espionage, none of it sensational, one turned out to be a counterspy for the enemy, while the other nineteen were killed, captured, or defected before they could accomplish anything at all. Their activities, though vividly told with an infinitude of truth-ringing detail, are not the high-level operations one may have been led to expect from the excited tone of the jacket.

The blurb, as well as the author's introduction, informs us that the book is based on General Lahousen's diary, a hitherto unknown "historic document" whose existence the general "carefully concealed" from his American and British questioners at Nürnberg and which has remained a "carefully kept secret" until now. In fact, General Lahousen, as reported on the front page of *The New York Times* for December 10, 1945, not only publicly referred to his "official Intelligence diary" at Nürnberg but read excerpts from it in his testimony. Moreover, the excerpts he read concerned the episode that makes up the second chapter of this book.

The diary, it is clear, served to refresh General Lahousen's memory of names and dates in postwar conversations with the Austrian co-author, Gunter Peis. The details, however, appear to have been supplied verbally by those of the general's former subordinates with whom he put Mr. Peis in touch. By patient sleuthing and tracking down of ex-agents willing to talk, the authors were able to collect and collate the fascinating, though relatively minor, secret service operations that appear in this volume.

Only one matter of historical importance is hinted at: General Franco's asserted readiness to join Hitler in the war in January 1941, from which, the authors say, he was dissuaded by Generals Canaris and Lahousen. If General Lahousen's diary were really the revelatory document one is led to believe, this is the story that ought to have been told.

The interest of the book lies in its painstaking and convincing record of the daily mechanics and miseries of espionage. We read of two agents sent to neutral Sweden on Hitler's personal orders to sabotage a British courier plane. Equipped with Mausers, wirecutters, and time bombs, they crawl through the night to the airport fence only to find the airplane standing in the glare of half a dozen floodlights and surrounded by guards. Hitler's saboteurs look at each other, shrug, and sensibly crawl back the way they came. Had they been fictional spies they would have got at that plane somehow. But in real life, it appears, spies are no supermen.

The South

Continued from page 17

South] that was to plague Northern statesmen for years. . . ." Considering the likes of Sumner and Garrison, whom the author treats at some length, the uncompromisers among Southerners were not unique in a day of passionate convictions and partisan politics; the 1850 Compromise was supported in the South over the protests of last-ditchers like Calhoun, while New England excoriated Webster for supporting the Compromise. It is probable that Mr. Breyfogle wished to assume an objective attitude, but his moral indignation—in applying the current morality as an abstract to another age with its complex of forces—makes it inevitable that he write in terms of judgment. Unfortunately, his judgments are based largely on the measuring of the South by non-Southern standards (as did Olmstead, whom he quotes) and on evidence from the prosecution.

This is regrettable because the underground railroad offers the material for a fascinating narrative. Factually, there is little known about it. The whole movement for expediting the flight of escaped slaves was a spontaneous and informal affair, without organization or codes, and of necessity without records. In describing sundry episodes, Mr. Breyfogle says that none is an actual happening, but all, arrived at by informed imagination, are typical. The author has drawn on the known facts and his imagination has been restrained. These incidents make good narrative.

The stories follow the most common flight-line northward from the early stages in the South, where Southerners frequently were the helpers, through Ohio and on into Canada. The Pennsylvania routes, without the water barrier of the Ohio River, were less used, though from the junction at Elmira, New York, an on-the-ground railroad completed the journey to Niagara Falls. The incredible, unspoken alliance and cooperation between the thousands of individuals from Georgia to Canada is a wonderful story.

To be properly communicated, however, the narrative cannot assume that the nobility of the cause removes it from the amalgam of other causes, antagonisms, and cross-sectional loyalties that created an unresolved schism in a young nation. To do this is to confirm those absolutes that have continuously contributed obstacles to efforts to reach a workable solution to an involved situation.

The prolific writing abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, was, as Mr. Breyfogle says, against nearly everything—the Constitution, property, and ordained clergy—but this hater's "ideal of liberty for all" apparently justified any means. He applauded Nat Turner's "rebellion," in which fifty-five white men, women, and children were massacred in Virginia by a Negro mob; yet, the pitting of race against race, in murder (as John Brown attempted) and in war, cannot be cleared of lasting repercussions merely by condemning all the white inhabitants of a region in which the institution of slavery was legal thirty-seven years after it was in England. In oversimplifying the issues involved in the background of his narrative of the flight of slaves, Mr. Breyfogle has added another portrait of the South for which the subject did not sit.

Criminal Record

THE ASSIZE OF THE DYING. *By Edith Pargeter. Crime Club.* $2.95. Two medium-longs (other tale is "Aunt Helen"); first involves convicted slayer (but he's innocent) who lays curse on principals in case; second concerns young man with made-to-order motive who is on spot in relative's death. (Jacket is too revealing.) Program jobs.

THE GALLOWAY CASE. *By Andrew Garve. Harper.* $2.95. English mystery writer faces life term when amateur competitor bites gravel; Peter Rennie, London newshawk, plays eye; payoff in wildest Wales; yarn is framed in pleasant love interest. Among his best.

THE SAVAGE. *By Noel Clad. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. John Tree, Shoshone Indian and garrote specialist, draws line at knocking off New York assignment; deaf-and-dumb child in cast, also animal torturer. Strains probability.

ASSIGNMENT—CARLOTTA CORTEZ. *By Edward S. Aarons. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Hillbilly gal becomes key figure when U.S. plane crash-lands in Tennessee mountains and cargo of tactical bombs vanishes; Sam Durell of super-secret K Section swings into action; wild mêlées follow in New York and on New Jersey waterfront before South American revolutionaries are frustrated. Loud, lurid. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Israel

Continued from page 30

may be invited to eat at the kitchen table, and be permitted to dry the dishes if it is Ben-Gurion's turn to wash them.

While St. John repeats the common notion that B.G. is humorless, he does not neglect to give samples of his impish pranks. Nor does he omit Ben-Gurion's classic remark when he came to a labor conference in striped trousers and a cutaway, straight from a diplomatic reception: "Excuse me for coming in my working clothes."

Like other great men who seem remote and lonely, even while they are universally loved, Ben-Gurion is capable of deep attachment. St. John writes movingly of Ben-Gurion's devotion to his early mentor, "The Teacher," Berl Katzenelson, and of his grief at the death of the labor philosopher. Equally touching is the account of the strange bond between Ben-Gurion and his aide, Nehemiah, who committed suicide soon after B.G. was wounded by the would-be assassin.

A biography of Ben-Gurion is naturally a history of Israel. St. John excels in describing the War for Independence, the first decade of national life, the touchy decisions around the Sinai campaign. His description of Ben-Gurion's year of retirement to the desert is vivid, too, suggesting as it does the direct link to the ancient days of the Prophets.

He is less successful in describing Ben-Gurion's early days in Palestine. And this is odd, since St. John wrote a masterfully atmospheric account of that very period, in "Tongue of the Prophets," the book about Eliezar Ben Yehuda, who revived the Hebrew language.

Like Roosevelt and Gandhi, Ben-Gurion will doubtless be the subject of a chain of studies, for the mystery of a great man is ever alluring. Ben-Gurion's own book of speeches and writings, published a few years ago, will prove a worth-while supplement to any biography, but for the key to his personality the world must perhaps await the contents of the series of notebooks which St. John tells us the Premier has so far kept utterly private.

Culture on an Ancient Freeway

"Rivers in the Desert: A History of the Negev," by Nelson Glueck *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 302 pp. $6.50), is an archeological survey of a Biblical area. A. G. Horon, who evaluates the treatise, is a contributor of prehistory to the Encyclopedia Hebraica of Jerusalem.*

By A. G. Horon

NEGEV is a Hebrew word meaning "dry land" or "Southland." Today it designates the arid southern half of the State of Israel. In ancient times it applied to a broader area stretching from the foothills of Judea and Edom (in present Jordan) to the confines of Egypt proper in the "Wilderness of Shur," and reaching through the "Wilderness of Pa'ran" into that peninsula which became known as the Sinai only in post-Biblical days.

Whatever its precise boundaries, the Negev is the only land bridge connecting Africa and Asia. Also, it provides an alternate route (the other being that of the Suez Isthmus) from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. In both capacities—as a continental throughway and as a link between maritime basins—the Negev has played more than once a prominent part in the affairs of East and West.

A history of the Negev would seem therefore to be long overdue. But until lately the region had remained *terra incognita* from the archeological viewpoint, except maybe on its northern fringes, which fade into the better explored districts of the land of Canaan. One had to wait until colonization of the Negev had re-established there such conditions of security as are prerequisite for systematic research.

In recent years Nelson Glueck has contributed perhaps more than anybody else to the mapping-out of the Negev's historical and, in part, prehistorical geography. He determined painstakingly—chiefly on the evidence of typical potsherds—the location and age of hundreds of settlements which had existed throughout the Israeli Negev at various times, ranging from latest prehistory to the Byzantine period. Nobody seemed better prepared than Glueck for such a job, as he had previously explored most of Transjordan in a similar way, pinpointing there the sites of nearly 1,000 ancient townships and villages.

What emerges from this archeological survey is the following: During the last 5,000 years, at the very least, the Negev has not undergone any perceptible changes of climate; it always was, in the main, a desert—but a desert with hidden potentialities (patches of good soil, underground water, mineral resources such as copper, etc.) and an exceptional strategic location, which could be exploited, and was indeed exploited, in certain exceptional circumstances by people of vision, enterprise, and obstinacy.

In four main periods the Negev reached actual prosperity and was more or less thickly populated by agricultural, trading, and mining communities:

1. During the Chalcolithic period in the fourth millennium B.C., when copper metallurgy was beginning, and when the first Canaanite settlers in the Negev showed in some of their arts and crafts a striking relationship with the contemporary predynastic Egyptians;

2. During the early centuries of the Middle Bronze Age (c. 2100-1800 B.C.), which Nelson Glueck equates arbitrarily with a rather mythical "Abrahamitic period," but which coincides more prosaically with the epoch of the Middle Kingdom of Egypt;

3. During the Judean period, which lasted from King David in the tenth century to the Babylonian conquest in the early sixth century B.C. (the Negev was then one of the chief centers of Solomonic industrial and maritime expansion, before becoming again a bone of contention between Egypt, Judea, Edom, and various Arabian tribes);

4. And, finally, during the Nabatean-Roman-Byzantine period (from around the second century B.C. to the Moslem invasion in the seventh century A.D.); in this period the prosperity of the Negev reached its peak, first under the guidance of the Arabian (though Aramaic-speaking) Nabateans, and then again under the Christian Empire of the East.

Nelson Glueck is at his best when he traces with love and competence all the visible remains of the gigantic works by which these ancient pioneers insured the possibility of a settled, civilized life in the seemingly barren, uninhabitable Negev.

But the author is definitely not at his best when he tries to fit his archeological findings into the broader framework of ancient history. His verbose digressions and random quotations from the Bible are more often than not beside the point. Moreover, extra-Biblical sources are well-nigh ignored. The "History of the Negev" remains to be written: at best, Nelson Glueck provides the barest skeleton for it.

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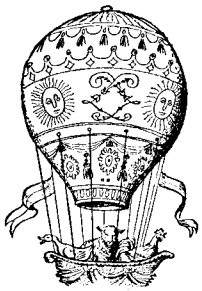
Books for Young People



—From "Ballooning in the Space Age."

IN OUR eagerness to encourage reading among our children and our discussion of books for them, we often overlook the fact that there are many children who cannot read printed books. These are the blind children, who, however, have as great need for recreational and informational reading as our sighted children, and for whom, fortunately, more and more books are available. Since 1952 the Division for the Blind, Library of Congress, has included books for children over five in its service, and now through thirty regional libraries in the United States that act as agents for the Library of Congress these books are distributed free. They include talking books (books recorded on records) and Braille books and are transcribed through arrangements with the publishers from the same trade books that sighted children are enjoying. Another progressive step in extending book service to blind children was taken recently when The New York Public Library, one of the regional agencies through which the Library of Congress provides books for the blind, appointed the first children's librarian to the staff of its Library for the Blind to work exclusively with blind children and to investigate ways in which the Library might serve them better. It is a happy thing that in this area, as in many others, the barriers that at one time isolated so-called handicapped children are being removed.

Reviewers for this issue: Sarah Jones, chief library consultant, State Department of Education, Atlanta, Ga.; Mildred R. Phipps, supervisor, Work with Children, Public Library, Pasadena, Calif., and Elizabeth O. Williams, supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles Board of Education.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

ANIMAL HIDE AND SEEK. *By Julia and Rosalys Hall. Illustrated by Andrée Ferris. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. This is a picture quiz for the youngest, an animal guessing game. A full-page picture asks the question, and the answer is hidden on the following page. A happy little book with humor and bright-colored pictures of a giraffe, a baby kangaroo, penguins, a big whale, a reindeer, and a crocodile that will delight the picture-book age.
—Elizabeth O. Williams.

SYLVESTER JONES AND THE VOICE IN THE FOREST. *By Patricia Miles Martin. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.75. Sylvester Jones lived in a log cabin near a forest and out of the forest came a mysterious voice calling his name. Perhaps it was a new friend, so Sylvester decided to investigate. He saw all the beauties of the forest, he met birds and animals and asked questions politely, but all was quiet and serene. Finally, he heard the voice. It was the friendly valley quail calling, "Syl-ves-ter! Syl-ves-ter!"

A quiet, but charming picture story book about a small boy and his closeness to nature. The beautiful illustrations by Leonard Weisgard in soft browns and greens convey the mood of the story. —Mildred R. Phipps.

TOUGH ENOUGH AND SASSY. *Written and illustrated by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll. Walck.* $2.75. Beanie, his brothers and sisters and pet pony and dog roam the woods and mountains, gathering berries, hickory nuts, and odd-shaped wood for plant-holders or "woods pretties" to help with the family earnings. Young readers will delight in the further adventures of the lovable Tatum family, which are recounted in simple text and lively story pictures, which convey the blue-gray atmosphere of the great Smoky Mountains. —E. O. W.

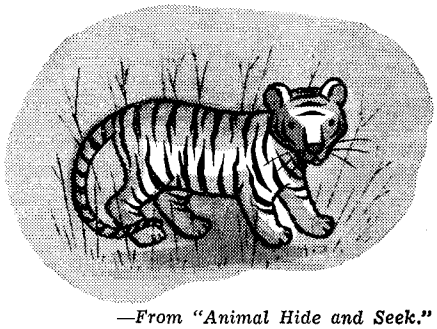
THE TROUBLE WITH FRANCIS. *By Beman Lord. Illustrated by Arnold Spilka. Walck.* $2.50. It was the final straw for Francis when his teacher told him she had a sister with the same name as his. Fighting would not stop the teasing, so Francis decided to select a new name. His father convinced him this was not the thing to do. He asked his pals about a nickname and learned that nicknames are given and not chosen, but he never imagined the unusual circumstances that earned him the name of "Buckets." The seven- and eight-year-olds will be in complete sympathy with Francis and will enjoy the drawings, which catch the spirit of this rebellious little boy. —Sarah Jones.

THE MAGIC MEADOW. *By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday.* $3. It was a magic meadow, high in the Alps, where Peterli tended his grandfather's cows and goats. There the clouds became the Princess of Spring and the glaciers the palace of the Ice King. There Peterli dreamed that good fortune might come to the mountain and enable his grandfather again to travel to the valley where their cheese was sold. Successfully combined with this delightful story of a young boy and the realization of his dreams is information about the legends, history, and government of Switzerland and its hero, William Tell. The d'Aulaires have blended perfectly the text and the colorful, detailed, and imaginative lithographs to create another distinguished book for children. —S. J.

DIXIE OF DOVER. *By Jean Poindexter Colby. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Little, Brown.* $3. Shortly before the death of his father, ten-year-old Gerry Montgomery was given a fine pedigreed Welsh Terrier puppy, and in the days ahead this intelligent, loyal dog proved to be the right companion for a lonely boy, his sister, and courageous mother. For economic reasons the Montgomery family moved to a large house in a rundown area with a variety of nationality groups and some undisciplined boys. Gerry met each new challenge with the help of Dixie, his dog, and his sympathetic mother. He grew in stature and finally saw his new home become the center of neighborhood activities.

This is an appealing dog story, which also emphasizes tolerance and understanding between individuals and groups. —M. R. P.

JERUSHA'S GHOST. *Written and illustrated by Madge Lee Chastain. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. This is an eventful tale of four lively girls a century ago



—From "Animal Hide and Seek."

"An animal guessing game."

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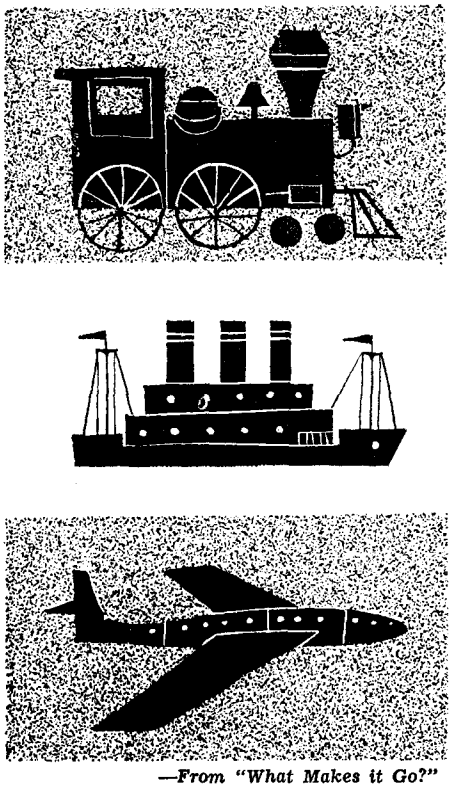
who spent the summer at their great uncle Bertie's home on Long Island. Ghosts or "duppies," a terrifying storm, a shipwreck with two mysterious strangers seeking shelter, and a kidnapping combine in a story of adventure and suspense. Secret flights in a balloon are part of Jerusha's and Emmy's growing up and overcoming their fear of ghosts. Girls who have read "Emmy Keeps a Promise" and "Dark Treasure" will enjoy this book. —E. O. W.

WHAT MAKES IT GO? *By Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames. Illustrated by Bernice Myers. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. From wagons, scooters, and roller skates to rocket propulsion, these authors of other elementary science titles have described in simple language the principles of friction, displacement, gas and steam engines, jet power, and the working parts that make the motion of machines possible. Easy experiments to clarify the laws of motion are suggested, and many drawings and diagrams illustrate the points under discussion. A glossary of science words, a list of experiment material, and an index give additional help to the young reader. This title will be a welcomed addition to the science collection for ten- to eleven-year-olds or for anyone seeking easy-to-read information on this topic.
—S. J.

THE LAND AND PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND. *By Freda M. Buchanan. Illustrated with photographs. Lippincott.* $2.95. All the color and romance of Scottish history and legend are skilfully interwoven with vivid descriptions of the land and customs in this latest addition to the excellent Portraits of Nations Series. The author, a native of Scotland, gives a wealth of interesting information about her homeland. This book will interest boys and girls of junior high school age.
—M. R. P.



—From "What Makes it Go?"
"Clarifies the laws of motion."

BALLOONING IN THE SPACE AGE. *By Lynn Poole. Illustrated by Gustav Schrotter. Whittlesey House.* $3. This is the first complete documentary of free ballooning from Montgolfier's original "smoke" balloon in 1783 to the modern plastic balloons. Important developments are described, and there is a chapter on the future significance of the balloon in tomorrow's spaceways in aiding research concerning cosmic rays, meteorites, temperatures, etc. This valid, realistic account will interest both teen-agers and adults.
—E. O. W.

THE GOLDEN HAWKS OF GENGHIS KHAN. *By Rita Ritchie. Illustrated by Lorence F. Bjorklund. Dutton.* $3. This exciting story of life at the court of Genghis Khan is for younger boys and girls than Hans Baumann's "Sons of the Steppe" (Walck). It tells of Jalair's determination to find the remarkable strain of falcons which his father had developed but which had been stolen at his father's death. Adventures, the mystery of a design that Jalair remembered from his earliest childhood, and the final disclosure of his identity make a story rich in the color and spirit of the thirteenth century. —F. L. S.

BUFFALO CHIEF. *By Jane and Paul Annixter. Holiday House.* $2.95. The sun was setting on the power of the Western Indians, and the great herds of buffalo were soon to be decimated by the rapacious white hunters. However, Hawk, a thirteen-year-old Sioux, still had time to become an honored brave, and Kahtanka, a buffalo calf, was destined to be the strong and canny leader of the vanishing herd. The growing-up of Hawk and Kahtanka is skilfully interwoven into a story of stampedes, bear hunting, tribal customs, skirmishes, and the climactic battle of the Little Bighorn. A perceptive, well-written book about the struggle for survival against the increasing pressure of the white man, "Buffalo Chief" will appeal to boys and girls of junior high school age. —S. J.

The Lapins in America

Continued from page 20

burden of grief. There was hardly anyone whose family had not been decimated or whose home was intact. Sympathetic interest tends to diminish when tragedy is universalized. And what about the rest of the world? At the Nuremberg trials there had been a brief flurry of interest when the overwhelming evidence of experimentation on humans was presented. But even the full confessions of the Nazi doctors and nurses—all of whom claimed they had acted under order—were obscured by the wholesale horror revealed by the Nuremberg trials.

The story of the Lapins never really registered on the world conscience. The world was too preoccupied with problems of its own.

The sense of defeat felt by the Lapins in the years following the war took on a certain bitterness because of Germany's attitude on compensation. Germany had been making restitution of various sorts and paying pensions to concentration camp victims in general, but had bypassed the human guinea pigs. The Association of Concentration Camp Survivors in Poland had made efforts over the years to obtain a favorable decision from the Bonn Government, which had accepted all the responsibilities involved in the succession from previous regimes. But the big legal stumbling block brought up each time by Bonn was that the Federal Republic of Germany had no diplomatic relations with Poland and therefore had no basis for dealing with Polish citizens.

Life in Poland is not easy even for people in full health. The large cities were burned and razed in the war; much of the young manpower had been stamped out or enfeebled; personal tragedy and weariness lay like an incubus over the land. If the Lapins became withdrawn and resentful, if they were not altogether convinced of the natural goodness of man, they at least came by their feelings the hard way.

Nor was it surprising that some of them should have had doubts when they began to hear about a woman in the United States by the name of Caroline Ferriday who knew of their story and wanted to help them.

And when, six months ago, I went to Warsaw at the urging of Caroline Ferriday and met some of the Lapins, I sensed their disbelief that the help being discussed with them could ever become real. I told them that Miss Ferriday had approached the American volunteers who recently

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completed a project which brought twenty-five disfigured young ladies from Hiroshima to the United States for plastic and reconstructive surgery, and for an experience in living with American families.

I told the Lapins that these American volunteers were now eager to put themselves at their disposal. It was natural, perhaps, that we should think of the same general kind of program that had been carried out with the Hiroshima Maidens—bringing the Lapins to the United States—but it was up to the Ladies to decide what they would like us to do.

Their response was appreciative but guarded, almost as if they were trying to protect themselves from the pain of later disenchantment. They said that they did not feel they had a right to ask anything of us. They feared, moreover, that all sorts of hindrances and problems would come up. Without saying so directly, they seemed to be telling me that they almost preferred not to have their hopes aroused.

Within a few weeks, the Lapins began to realize that there might be a genuine basis for their hopes, especially when we could write to them about the fruitful discussions with the American and Polish governments. It was established that Poland would grant passports to the Ladies and that the United States Embassy in Warsaw would issue visas. The Association of Concentration Camp Survivors in Warsaw approved the project and became the cooperating agency in Poland charged with making specific arrangements.

MEANWHILE, certain measures on behalf of the Lapins were being put into operation. Clothing in substantial quantity, and of good quality, contributed by readers of the *Saturday Review*, was being shipped to the Lapins. The same was true of medicines. The Lapins began to hear directly from people in many parts of the United States.

Something else was being contributed in substantial amounts, mainly by readers of *SR*—money. An article about the Lapins in the magazine had included a reference to the fact that some funds would be needed. The response from the readers was electrifying in its generosity.

The next step was to send over an American medical team for the purpose of working with Polish doctors and in getting some idea of what had to be done for the Lapins when they arrived in the United States. This is how it was that, last September, Dr. William M. Hitzig, medical consultant to the project, Caroline Ferriday, Mrs. Edward Benenson, executive secretary of the project, and Erica Anderson, as rapporteur, went to Warsaw. By this time, the Lapins had stopped their battle against hope. Too many things were now in motion to believe that nothing important would happen.

Out of the fifty-three Ravensbrueck Lapins, the names of thirty-five were put on the list of those to come to the U.S. Of the eighteen who were passed over, most were either not well enough to make the trip, or had family responsibilities that could not be delegated. In any event, Dr. Hitzig and his party returned to New York with the medical records of thirty-five Lapins who were preparing for their visit to the New World.

Two major problems remained. The first was arranging for the care of the Ladies in the United States. The second was transportation.

As for the first problem, it was decided not to keep all the girls in any one city. Committees would be set up all over the country. These committees would consist of an internist, a surgeon, a psychiatrist, an extracurricular activity chairman, a hospitality chairman, and a coordinator. Each city would work out a program under which its Polish guests would obtain the maximum benefit from their American experience. They would receive without charge, such medical and surgical attention as might be required. As a whole, fortunately, the group was in somewhat better health than had been expected. The Ladies had an increased susceptibility to the degenerative diseases; in some cases the old infections had never fully cleared up, and various organs of the body would be attacked from time to time. Painful leg swellings were not infrequent. But there were no insistent cases requiring immediate major surgery. In fact, it seemed possible that the way might be cleared for a thorough-going program of psychological rehabilitation and regeneration.

Hospitality committees were established in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Denver, Fall River, Birmingham, Los Angeles, Phoenix, and New York. No city was to have more than four girls. A plan was drawn up to meet most of the questions that might be asked by local committees, but it was made clear that there would be ample scope for each committee to lend individuality to its hospitality.

The second problem, transportation, was somewhat more complicated. Plane transportation from Warsaw for a group of thirty-five would cost many thousands of dollars, more than the project could afford. John Creedy, a familiar figure in the travel industry, took over the assignment of finding courtesy transportation. His first discussions logically enough, were with his former colleagues at Pan American World Airways, which had teamed up with the United States Air Force in providing transportation for the Hiroshima Maidens project.

Once again, Pan American, through its president, Juan Trippe, responded affirmatively. But this was only the beginning of the battle. An airline that wishes to provide "pass" transportation on a project such as this must obtain special authorization from the Civil Aeronautics Board. And the request to the CAB must be filed, not by Pan American itself, but by an appropriate Government agency, in this case, the United States State Department. That meant that someone had to win over the State Department.

WE APPROACHED Congressman Thaddeus M. Machrowicz, of Michigan who suggested that we seek the cooperation of eleven of his Congressional colleagues who happened to be of Polish descent. A letter for the State Department was prepared, which all twelve Congressmen gladly signed.

But three days later, an officer of the State Department called to say that the request had been turned down. Congressman Machrowicz telephoned from Washington to relay the news and to say he was not accepting the decision. He said Assistant Secretary William B. Macomber, Jr., would be coming over to his office within a few minutes in order to make a personal explanation.

A half-hour later, Congressman Machrowicz was on the telephone again. He wanted Secretary Macomber to tell me at first hand why the decision had been negative. Mr. Macomber came on the telephone. He was most cordial and sympathetic, but said that the Department feared that a favorable decision in this case would open up the floodgates of requests from needy and worthy people around the entire world.

I reminded Secretary Macomber that we were not asking the Government to provide free transportation. We had already arranged for the transportation. If there was any problem of a future floodtide of requests, Pan American would have to deal with it; and this was a risk that Pan American was willing to take. Moreover, another branch of the State Department had issued visas to the girls. Our Embassy in Warsaw was enthusiastic about the project. In any event, a departure date from Warsaw had been set and was now only two weeks away. It was pointed out to Secretary

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Macomber that the effect of the Department's decision might be to annul the entire project. Was this their wish? Did the State Department take into account the high visibility that its cancellation of the project might have throughout the world?

Secretary Macomber invited me to prepare an appeal memorandum and said he would be happy to bring the matter up again before the appropriate group in the Department.

In preparing the appeal, we brought in some reinforcements. Senator Frank Carlson of Kansas, Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin, and Senator Jacob Javits of New York all lent their urgent support and telephoned officials of the State Department. The next day, Congressman Machrowicz telephoned from Washington to report jubilantly that he had just received word from Secretary Macomber that the State Department had reversed itself and was very happy to give its go-ahead to the CAB.

There were yet other knots to be untangled in connection with the flight. One knot concerned the need to obtain special permission from the Polish Foreign Ministry for Pan American to land at the Warsaw airport. Protocol required that this be done in the form of a special invitation to be transmitted to the Washington office of Pan American. Another problem had to do with the full servicing of the plane in Warsaw. Did Warsaw have 115-octane gasoline? It did not. And so it went. I was to learn that the most difficult part of flying a commercial plane took place not in the cockpit but over the telephone.

But one by one the knots yielded—thanks to some special help from the U.S. Embassy in Warsaw, Mr. W. P. Bernard Fuksiewicz, of the Committee of Concentration Camp Survivors, and the patience of Pan American officials.

I need not say how good it felt, the morning of December 17, to drive out to the Warsaw Airport and see the tall tail assembly of a DC-7 with its Pan American insignia towering over the terminal building. Twenty-seven of the Lapins were there with their families and their modest baggage. Eight additional Lapins, who couldn't leave in December, will be coming in February.

As soon as we boarded the plane, it became obvious that for most of the girls this was to be their first flight. They laughed tremulously when the steward explained ditching procedure over water.

"The sharks would stick up their noses and turn away from our skinny legs," said Jadwiga Dzido-Hassa. "We'd have to beg them to pay any attention to us."

It was interesting to see the transformation in the attitudes of the Ladies as the plane neared the United States. There was no longer anything restrained about their smiles; when they laughed it was a pure reflection of their enjoyment of living.

At International Airport, New York, a reception party was on hand, led by Romuald Spasowski, Polish Ambassador to the U.S., representatives of Polish-American organizations, Pan American World Airways officials, and members of the Ravensbrueck Lapins Committee, including Dr. Hitzig, Mrs. Benenson, Miss Ferriday, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Janta, Julian Bach, Jr., and Erica Anderson.

The customs officials sped them through with little formality and, after a brief press conference at the airport, the Ladies had their first experience with the highway network system into midtown Manhattan. The caravan stopped two or three times to see the Manhattan skyline and the Christmas trees on Park Avenue. Then the Ladies were taken to the Henry Hudson Hotel where they were to stay for several days, during which they would go sightseeing, pay a visit to the United Nations, have their medical checkups at Dr. Hitzig's office and be the guests at various receptions in their honor.

The chairmen of the local hospitality committees had come to New York to meet together as a group with the executive committee of the project. Mutual problems were considered. Then each chairman escorted his Polish guests to their American homes in time for Christmas. There were packages under Christmas trees in some two dozen American homes with Polish names on them. There were also reciprocal gifts—works of art, books, and perhaps even a bottle or two of Polish vodka—with American names on them.

Meanwhile, it is possible to report some progress on the matter of pensions and compensation. Direct discussions have been held with representatives of the Bonn Government. We have been impressed with the sympathetic interest of the German government. An attempt is being made, which we are convinced is genuine, to find a way around the previous difficulty; *i.e.*, the fact that no diplomatic relations exist between Bonn and Warsaw. That Germany would like to make a meaningful moral gesture soon seems clear. There is definite movement on this issue.

One last thing: The Ladies have asked the editor to express their heartfelt thanks to the readers of *SR* whose support has helped make it possible for them to be here. To those thanks, the editor most warmly adds his own. —N. C.

Who Decides . . .

Continued from page 11

pretends, and of which the press lords dream—to make and break governments, to swing an election, to stop a war or start a revolution—there is no tangible evidence. Its vaunted might is a gigantic spoof. Professor David Mitrany, speaking in 1932 on "The Press and International Relations," put the case with delicate irony: There is no need to spend time in an attempt to show how great is the influence of the press. It is greater in certain fields than in others. It is greater, one could say, in any field in which the knowledge and interest of the man in the street is lesser. For in that case the reading public is apt to think that the press speaks with the voice of authority; while the authorities are apt to assume that the press is speaking with the voice of the people. . . ."

EVERYONE has heard of the "power of the press"; no one has seen it. The greatest believers in this exaggerated "power" and the loudest promoters of it are, naturally, the press lords themselves. One of the most deluded of these, not even excepting Northcliffe or Beaverbrook, was Robert McCormick, publisher of *The Chicago Tribune* (still emblazoned with his modest motto: "The world's greatest newspaper"). McCormick, and of course his paper, were always in bitter opposition to the Roosevelt Democrats, as well as to the liberal element in his own Republican Party. A story used to be told about the *Tribune*—no doubt apocryphal but in essence true—that one of the janitors in the *Tribune* building always bet against any political candidate the paper supported, and gave odds to boot; and that he found this sideline so profitable that he was able to buy two sizable blocks of flats.

The people in Chicago who bought the *Tribune* didn't buy it to find out how to cast their votes: they bought it in spite of its advice and its bias, because on the whole they liked its personality and found it entertaining. Does this seem to argue a too shrewd, calm and sensible attitude on the part of the ordinary newspaper reader? The press is generally appreciated by the public for what it is rather than for what it pretends to be. They don't feel it as a power in their lives, but as a working-day prerequisite.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3 or 4, 6, 11, 18, 10, 5, 14, 12, 17, 13, 9, 8, 4 or 3, 2, 20, 19, 1, 15, 16, 7.

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(Continued on page 42)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1296

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Of domestic manufacture.	68 98 160 159 21 130 85 144
B. Man's broad neck scarf, specially knotted (2 wds.).	186 143 123 80 104 7 96 87
C. Pamir plateau region of Asia (4 wds.).	62 119 137 155 33 99 162 23 172 110 107 19 52 81
D. Stiff and unbending as a gadget essential with muzzle-loading firearms.	79 149 187 10 14 31 164 73
E. Ornamental evergreen tree, originally named for Tokyo (2 wds.).	120 165 147 154 89 44 48 157 127 25 12
F. One of the diamond-shaped facets on a cut gem.	128 163 103 109 30 72 54
G. Enervated.	75 59 8 84 24 35 70 51 113
H. Statuette award given annually since 1948 by Acad. of TV Arts and Sciences.	58 150 138 47
I. Special lawgiver in ancient Athens.	153 145 93 26 171 106 92 182 56
J. Overact (jocose).	184 13 6 181 179
K. Eggs on; following word W, sets of letters.	61 118 36 90 65
L. French prep school.	135 63 67 124 141
M. Practice of black magic, irresistible charm.	2 101 78 125 74 97 148 116 18 136

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Frankly acknowledges.	41 15 45 105 28
O. Took a long time to make up one's mind.	166 151 83 111 115 100 180 189 133 17
P. Goods; movables.	188 146 114 16 158 60 38
Q. Describing one whose thoughts are unconsciously wandering.	121 34 102 167 142 22
R. Fishing craft for whose arrival a recent popular song urged "Hurry, hurry home" (2 wds.).	95 183 32 176 86 131 46 169 3 40
S. Hebrew word meaning "day" in names of festivals.	53 126 191
T. Swing between relatively fixed limits.	69 39 173 1 112 168 29 88 161
U. Position of power (2 wds.).	94 64 27 43 50 91 134 77 129
V. Abnormally curious.	170 11 49 37 190 42 76 122 20 178 108
W. Coleridge's "sacred river" (in "Kubla Khan").	152 55 132 174
X. Word expressing essentially the same idea as some other, with variations in connotation, etc.	4 66 5 156 175 139 117
Y. Scaly.	185 177 82 9 57 71 140 192

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 T		2 M	3 R	4 X		5 X	6 J	7 B		8 G	9 Y	10 D		11 V	12 E
13 J	14 D	15 N	16 P	17 O		18 M	19 C	20 V	21 A		22 Q	23 C	24 G		25 E	26 I
27 U	28 N	_	29 T	30 F	31 D	_	32 R	33 C	34 Q	35 G	36 K	37 V	38 P		39 T	40 R
41 N	42 V	43 U		44 E	45 N		46 R	47 H		48 E	49 V	50 U	51 G	52 C	53 S	
54 F	55 W	56 I	57 Y	58 H	59 G	60 P	61 K	62 C	63 L		64 U	65 K	66 X	67 L	68 A	69 T
70 G	71 Y	72 F	73 D		74 M	75 G		76 V	77 U	78 M	79 D	80 B	81 C	82 Y	83 O	84 G
85 A		86 R	87 B		88 T	89 E		90 K	91 U	92 I		93 I	94 U	95 R	96 B	97 M
	98 A	99 C		100 O	101 M	102 Q	103 F	104 B		105 N	106 I	107 C	108 V	109 F		110 C
111 O	112 T	113 G		114 P	115 O	116 M	117 X	118 K	119 C	120 E	121 Q	122 V	123 B	124 L		125 M
126 S	127 E	128 F	129 U		130 A	131 R	132 W	133 O	134 U	135 L		136 M	137 C		138 H	139 X
	140 Y	141 L	142 Q	143 B	144 A		145 I	146 P		147 E	148 M	149 D	150 H	151 O		152 W
153 I	154 E		155 C	156 X	157 E	158 P	159 A		160 A	161 T		162 C	163 F		164 D	165 E
166 O	167 Q	168 T	169 R	170 V		171 I	172 C	173 T	174 W	175 X	176 R	177 Y	178 V	179 J		180 O
181 J		182 I	183 R	184 J		185 Y	186 B	187 D	188 P		189 O	190 V	191 S	192 Y		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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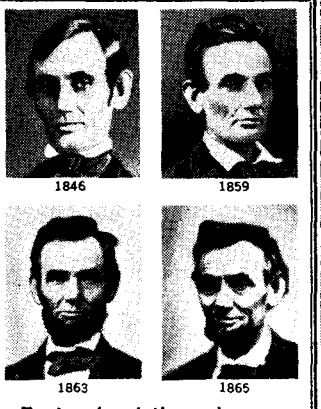

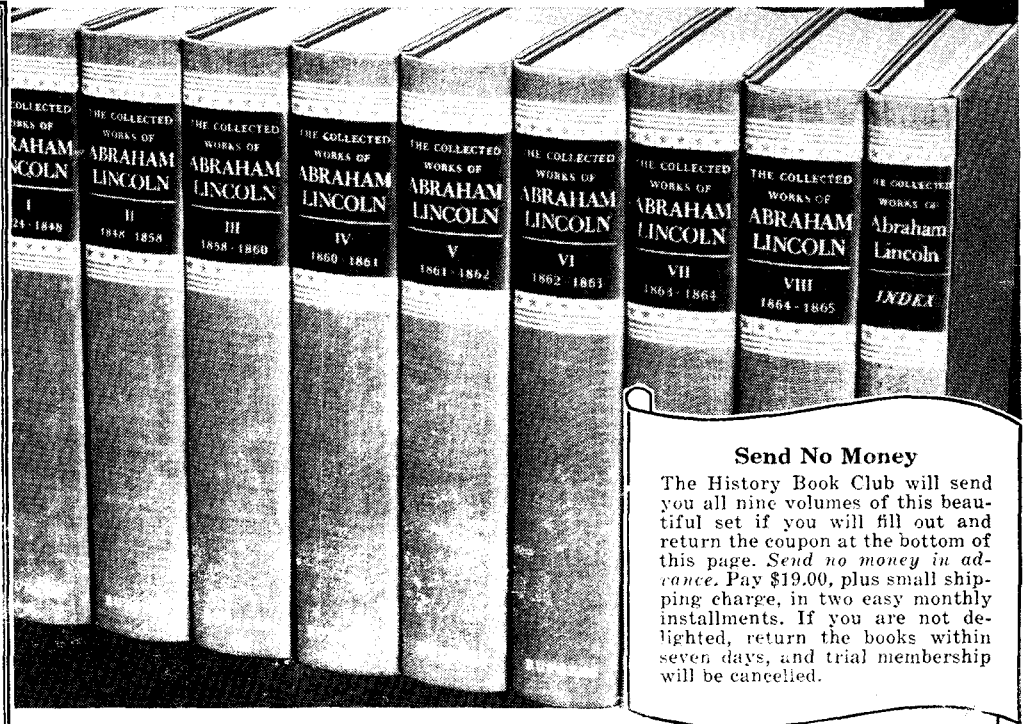
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